

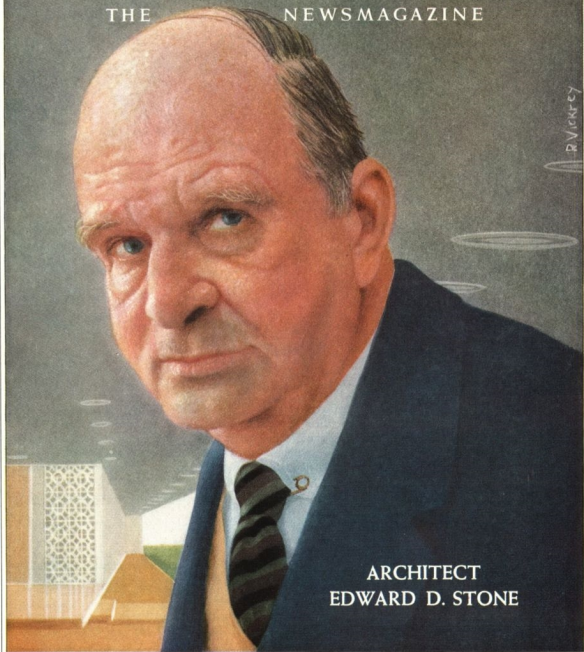
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MARCH 31, 1958

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TIME

THE NEWSMAGAZINE



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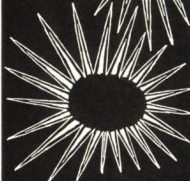
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LETTERS

Space for Thought

Sir:

Your Science article "Life on a Billion Planets" [March 3], is plain horse sense. Who the hell are we (on this planet) to believe we are the only humans in all the cosmic world? Astronomer Struve says: "It is perfectly conceivable that some intelligent race modded once too often with nuclear laws and blew themselves to bits." This is just about what may hit us—if we keep monkeying around with nuclear fission.

VINCENT V. DANIELS

Rutland Heights, Mass.

Sir:

Our earth is at least 2 billion years old; records have been preserved from only a few thousand years. It is therefore theoretically possible that inhabitants of other planets did visit our earth.

K. KAUFFMANN-GRINSTEAD
Hot Springs National Park, Ark.

Sir:

As to the question of interplanetary communication, isn't it possible that if the universe, as we know it, developed its galaxies simultaneously, the intelligence of other planetary beings would parallel our own?

R. REAGAN SOULE

Berkeley, Calif.

The Washington Fellers

Sir:

Surely most Americans prefer a Republican peace "recession" to a Democratic war "prosperity." Or have we forgotten that every major war in this century occurred under Democratic "leadership"?

CARROLL WILLIS

Wichita, Kans.

Sir:

Your recent snide remarks about Ike's "vacations" are in poor taste. As Uncle Lem over in Vermont said: "When I go to Florida, I don't take the cows with me, and I can forget all about the chores. That feller in Washington can't seem to ever be able to do likewise."

R. H. MORSE

Concord, N.H.

Sir:

Why all the "persecution" of the President? Can't a great man relax without being jabbed at? Put away the whips, boys, and have no more of these demoralizing articles.

IRENE S. WINGER

Bayside, N.Y.

Sir:

Regarding the FCC and Richie Mack story [March 10]: One might think that Truman was still in the White House.

HAROLD S. BRANCHE

Watertown, N.Y.

Sex & Enjoyment

Sir:

Your March 10 criticism of the *Reader's Digest* articles on sex is annoyingly typical of the adolescent leer with which your editors approach the subject.

E. C. MULLINS

Chicago

Sir:

TIME's delightful rendition of Dr. Marion Hilliard's rarefied prose concerning the complexities of the intimate life reminded me of the story about a rural child—well-informed on such matters—who one day in early spring announced, "Our cat just had kittens, the cows are coming in fresh and Mommy is going to have a baby, but the pussy willows ain't done a thing yet."

ELIZABETH R. HILDRETH

Philadelphia

Sir:

European women might cooperate a little more than our American women, however, most of the writers like Marion Hilliard and Dr. David Mac are bestseller-conscious and do not necessarily spend their lives researching in the field of mental health and sexology. I have spent 30 years of my life in this field of research and I wouldn't dare say I could teach humans how to enjoy their sex life.

ARTHUR GUY MATHEWS

Little Neck, N.Y.

Marriage & Punishment

Sir:

I read, with repugnance, the March 10 account of the Italian couple who were declared "public sinners" and, in effect, were deprived of their economic livelihood by their Catholic bishop because they contracted a civil marriage. I do not believe the founder of Christianity established any church for this purpose (slander and coercion).

WM. ROTHBY

Devon, Pa.

Sir:

The case of Bellandi v. Bishop Fiordelli exposes the age-old intolerance of the Catholic Church. How much longer will people

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March 31, 1958

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Number 13

TIME, MARCH 31, 1958



CANCER 1958

what is the outlook?

While cancer is still one of our nation's greatest health problems, several recent developments are encouraging.

- The mortality rate from cancer among women has been declining. The total decrease is substantial in degree—no less than 15% in the last ten years alone among several million women ages 25 to 74.
- The proportion of cancer patients surviving 5 years or more after diagnosis has measurably increased. This improvement is recorded for most major sites of cancer, and is especially large for certain cancers among women and for cancers of the digestive system.

Such facts indicate that still greater gains are possible. In this connection, the American Cancer Society states:

"One half of all cases of cancer could be saved with present knowledge if individuals would seek medical attention early enough, and if the latest and best means of diagnosis and treatment can be made more generally available."

So, pending a major break-through against this disease, *you are the first line of defense against cancer.* And here are the things you should do to make your defense as strong as possible:

1. Know cancer's seven warning signals. Should one of these signals appear, no time should be lost in seeing your doctor. In the vast majority of cases, a danger signal turns out, upon examination, to be a symptom of some other condition.

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

2. Have regular health examinations. According to the American Cancer Society, in 99 out of every 100 people examined, no cancer is found. People who seek examination are relieved of worry if they do not have the disease. Those who have it, and are promptly treated, have a materially better chance of cure.

Remember, many cancers occur in parts of the body which a general practitioner can readily examine. Should you notice changes in normal body functions between examinations, have another check-up.

3. Avoid any treatment except your doctor's. Cancer is cured only by skilled physicians using surgery, X-ray, radium and other forms of radiation. In many forms of cancer, the majority of cases can be saved when diagnosed early and properly treated.

Current research on the causes of cancer, its prevention and treatment gives even greater hope for the future. But it is still important for you to be alert to cancer's danger signals and get prompt treatment should one of them occur.



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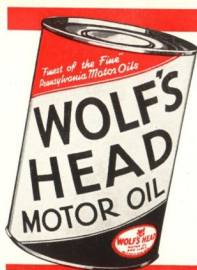
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Please send me the free booklet "What You Should Know About Cancer," 4-58-T.

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realize that there is no more freedom for dissenters behind the scarlet curtain (Italy, Spain, Colombia, etc.) than there is behind the Iron Curtain?

H. R. HILLS

Pana, Ill.

Sir:

I would like to see what would happen in this country if such a case occurred. While millions of Roman Catholics in the U.S. have no choice but to go along with the Pope's indignation, it is a good argument against an R.C. for President.

CLYDE BURROUGHS

San Diego

Unitarians, Unite!

Sir:

As a Unitarian minister, my gratitude to TIME, March 10, for "Unitarians, Come Out!" The article may serve to awaken some of our denominational leadership to the great tragedy which is taking place within Unitarianism at the present time. There still are many of us who do not consider ourselves above Christianity.

(THE REV.) EDWIN C. BROOME

The Flatbush Unitarian Church
Brooklyn

Sir:

The Rev. Ralph Stutzman, clothed in clerical robe and ego, wants to "come out" of Christianity, presents to earth and heaven the ludicrous spectacle of a man, facing the rock of ages, destruction-bent with peashooter in hand.

MARGUERITE BALLOU

San Bernardino, Calif.

Sir:

While Protestantism and particularly Catholicism are for the weak and ignorant, Unitarianism offers genuine intellectual freedom for those strong enough to bear it.

RITCHIE D. MIKESELL

Champaign, Ill.

In a Pig's Eye

Sir:

According to my dictionary, the first meaning of the word "sow" is the "full-grown female of the swine." Therefore, I question the type of "priestly inauguration" held in Jerusalem between 73 and 63 B.C. that served "oysters" (no scales or fins) and "mussels" (no scales or fins) and "sow's udder" (Thou shalt not eat the flesh of any animal that doth not chew the cud nor have a cloven hoof). Will you please explain what type of "priest" was inaugurated at the "sumptuous repast" referred to by Author O'Brien in *The Bible Cookbook* [March 10]?

JAMES STERN

Atlanta

Q TIME had the right menu but the wrong restaurant. The bingie was a Roman feast probably served, says Author O'Brien, for Caesar.—Ed.

The Major & the Slick Boy

Sir:

I, a former military police officer returned from Korea, would like to voice a loud "hurrah," not only for Major Thomas James, but for your tactful story on a Korean "Slick Boy" [March 10]. If anything, your article understated the plague which confronts our armed forces in Korea and the almost complete lack of anything but token cooperation from Korean civil and military authorities.

W. A. SMITH

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

You state that "South Korea's poor steal from the U.S. Army." I wonder if you have ever given any thought as to how many American soldiers collaborate in the act of stealing, or just how many steal their own goods and sell them to the Korean merchants? Let us remember that the "slick boy" is not only a victim of the cold war, but also a byproduct of the unsettled Korean question.

YOUNGKOK KOO

Nashville

Sukarno at Home

Sir:

Thank you again for the complete and interesting March 10 story about Indonesia and its nationalist leader Sukarno who has the nerve to compare himself with a George Washington. The colonels in Sumatra are fighting for a good cause in opposing a government led by Sukarno.

PETER J. HOMBURG

Los Angeles

Sir:

I hope the members of our Congress may start to question their wisdom when, gullibly, they provided the red-carpet treatment for the globetrotting Sukarno.

L.F.V.P. VANDERHORST

Topeka, Kans.

Sir:

Having spent several days last year with President Sukarno in Djakarta, I can greatly appreciate your story. Being familiar with Indonesian politics, I recently discovered in East Berlin how far the Chinese personal flattery of Sukarno had gone. At a bookshop on Stalin Allee there is for sale a really fantastic two-volume edition containing a complete collection in full color of Sukarno's private collection of paintings, with text in Chinese, Russian and Indonesian. The printing of the two volumes must have cost a small fortune, and looking at them, it was obvious that the edition had been made for personal flattery purposes only. Amusingly enough, the collection includes full-color pictures of paintings by all the artists who have been booted out of Bali during the last two months.

SAM WAAGENAAR

Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Now Is the Time

Sir:

Re your letters [March 10] on Missileman von Braun and the late Anne Frank articles: they seem to have started quite a flow of ever free-falling American tears. America thought the German people were destroyed, but time has showed the indomitable German to, in the end, protect the American people from destruction. Americans had best be thankful they have someone like Von Braun to keep the Bolshevik wolves in Russia.

WYN COATES

Dayton, Ohio

Sir:

I am glad that the vast majority of the American people do not think as Mr. K. Sternberg does, but give young German people like myself the opportunity to study in this country for the sake of deep mutual understanding and in order to prove that we have no "Nazi killer instinct."

KLAUS FLECK

University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

Sir:

I'm thankful that Hitler is dead, that Von Braun is here, and that Explorer is up there.

JANET MASSARO

Austin, Texas

How much are you budgeting for psychological momentum?

You won't see it on a balance sheet. But today, psychological momentum is a company's great hope for making—and increasing—profits.

It *can* be seen at a store counter. For psychological momentum is the force that impels toward that counter not just people, but people with an impulse to buy. And the brand they buy depends on which company most influences their minds.

As consumer markets—and industrial markets—expand and as buying increasingly becomes self-service buying, a company must move more and more minds. *That is where advertising comes in.*

A MOVING FORCE

Of all the forces a company can apply in today's marketplace, only advertising can increase psychological momentum so much—so economically.

Advertising can move the most minds most efficiently. Not only can it influence consumers to go out and buy a company's product, it can also encourage corporate customers to seek out a

company's developmental and production facilities. And advertising can do these things convincingly, directly, flexibly.

Thus advertising, in itself, creates the volume that assures the profits. And it does it for just a fraction of a cent a call.

HOW TO KEEP PACE

In today's fast-moving competition, a company must continuously maintain its psychological momentum if it is to attract customers to its brand (or its brains)—if it is to realize its fullest potential for growth.

So take a long, keen, *continuing* look at your company's advertising budget. Measure it against both your present objectives and your hopes for the future.

Make sure that, all across your competitive front, it backs your psychological momentum with enough advertising to make the sale. To make your profit.

Advertising is your most vital salesman

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The no-iron age is here! These handsome *Manhattan* MANSMOOTH sport shirts wash like a breeze, drip-dry smooth as a putting green and never need the touch of an iron! MANSMOOTH makes life even *more* pleasurable. It resists wrinkles on your back or in your pack—thanks to the revolutionary R.O.R.* process. And, MANSMOOTH features the Manstay™ collar construction... permanently sewn-in stays.

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TIME, MARCH 31, 1958

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Associated Press

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER & REPUBLICAN WOMEN

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

WHEN President Dwight D. Eisenhower talked to the Republican Women's National Conference about Government and the economy last week, he picked a pretty somber subject for an audience bent on gaiety. But the ladies, in their new spring hats, gave him solemn attention. Ike suggested right off that it was not going to be easy.

"The American citizen in these times," he began, "has a staggering job in keeping up with the facts and issues of a fast-moving world."

"He is seemingly expected to understand everything from the effects of a change in the Federal Reserve discount rate to a boundary dispute in mid-Africa to the impact of our stock-piling policy in the zinc industry."

Ike paused while some nodded in agreement, then continued: "Presumably to help him gain this understanding, every day millions of words pour out of our presses and loudspeakers to tell him about the day's news and controversies."

"Out of such a welter of words and widely diverging counsel, how can the thoughtful citizen develop for himself sensible decisions on current issues?"

Ike's question has troubled a lot of folks since modern communications first brought on the flood of words. In

its original prospectus, TIME said: "This is not the fault of the daily newspapers; they print all the news. People are uninformed because no publication has adapted itself to the time which busy men are able to spend on simply keeping informed."

Since then, week after week, TIME has reported the facts and the meaning of events of lasting importance in politics, science, economics, religion and the arts. In the arts this week, TIME focuses on the worldwide works of Architect Edward D. Stone (see COVER), whose U.S. Pavilion will be the showcase for the U.S. at the Brussels World's Fair.

And in this issue, Ike's thoughtful citizens can gain some understanding of the effects of the latest Federal Reserve change in required bank reserves, and discover some early harbingers of spring in our economic climate, see BUSINESS, On the Rise?

This week the aftermath of the African border incident, when France bombed Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef in Tunisia (TIME, Feb. 17), has the French government teetering, see FOREIGN NEWS, Explosive Olive Branch. And for an unusual closeup of Soviet Russia's ruler, who would be embarrassed by a well-informed citizenry, see FOREIGN NEWS, Host with the Most.

INDEX

Cover Story....56

Art.....56	Hemisphere.....22	People.....26
Books.....58	Letters.....22	Press.....68
Business.....74	Medicine.....30	Religion.....37
Cinema.....85	Milestones.....82	Science.....50
Education.....44	Miscellany.....92	Sport.....66
Foreign News.....16	Music.....49	TV & Radio.....40
	National Affairs....9	

Out-of-town telephone calls help raise profits, lower costs

One of the real tests of management is the ability to maintain or step up profits during changing times without resorting to false or even harmful economies.

At such times, out-of-town telephone calls may be more valuable than ever. For example:

- to keep salesmen in frequent touch with customers, at low cost
- to line up prospects and close sales fast
- to obtain credit information quickly

—to speed up shipments and all other services for customers

—to expedite all phases of administration

Out-of-town telephone calls can produce profitable economies in almost every operation of your business.

Why not check to see if your people are making full, regular use of out-of-town telephone calls to increase profit?

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WHEN YOU CALL STATION-TO-STATION instead of Person-to-Person

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St. Paul to Chicago	\$1.45	\$1.05	30¢
Boston to Norfolk, Va.	\$1.29	\$1.29	30¢
Milwaukee to Philadelphia	\$2.19	\$1.59	40¢
San Francisco to Detroit	\$3.39	\$2.35	60¢

Add 10% Federal Excise Tax

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Economic Snowdown

More than any other place in the nation, Washington yearned for spring. It was partly because Washingtonians, like people everywhere, looked toward the uplift in human spirit that the season normally brings. It was partly because Washington, like many another section of the U.S., had gone through a dismal winter, strangled by heavy snows, pelted by freezing rains, chilblained and miserable. But what set Washington apart in its eagerness for spring was the Administration's expectation of economic upturn that would bring the U.S. out of a recession that would be forever associated with bleak Winter 1958.

Based on that expectation of seasonal comeback, the Administration for weeks had fought for a wait-and-see period before giving in to increasing demands for drastic, perhaps reckless, action against recession. March unemployment figures, President Dwight Eisenhower assured the nation in a special economic message last Feb. 12, should improve. Why? The answer: Spring.

Last week Spring came—and greeting it along a wide Atlantic Coast belt was the most disastrous, dispiriting snowstorm of all (see *The Weather*). Foul March weather, climaxed by last week's crushing blow, was almost certain to cause



THE PRESIDENT & GOVERNORS* AT THE WHITE HOUSE
Problem: to prevent the ailment from becoming chronic.

Associated Press

snowbound distortions in the seasonal economic figures, move back the expected upturn by as much as a month. Now the Administration needed still more time to examine the economy before moving toward an anti-recession tax cut or an all-out public-works program. On March 21, the day Washington had so anxiously awaited, a top Administration economist gazed out a window at the heavy snow. "Give me April," he muttered. "I'd like to borrow April."

THE PRESIDENCY

"Time to Think About People"

Still confident that the U.S. economy will soon turn upward, still determined to avoid desperation moves that might bring on a red-link torrent for years to come, President Eisenhower was nonetheless deeply concerned about the human dislocations of the recession.

"This," he told 1,200 Republican women in Washington's Statler Hotel last week, "is not an exercise in economic theory. All the economic indicators and high-sounding oratory in the world cannot fill the empty place in a pay envelope." He repeated his theme next afternoon at a White House meeting with the Executive Committee of the Governors' Conference. "This is a time to think about people," said Dwight Eisenhower, "and not about technicalities."

Ready to Encourage. The human problem nagging the President most is that of jobless workers at the end of their unemployment-compensation benefits, which differ widely from state to state, ranging from a 16-week time limit in Florida to 30 weeks in Pennsylvania. It was in an effort to ease the plight of such workers that President Eisenhower invited the governors' committee to the White House, presented a plan under which the states could draw federal funds to extend unemployment compensation for 13 weeks. Although the new plan included a complex formula aimed at maintaining the delicate balance of federal-state relationships, some of the governors seemed fearful of an invasion of states' rights. And, much to Ike's surprise, nearly all of them seemed unenthusiastic about the plan.

The governors could afford to be cool because state unemployment-compensation treasuries, constantly replenished by payroll taxes, are still well filled. With a record \$320 million drain in February, the total pool decreased by only \$173 million, leaving a huge balance of \$8.2 billion. Despite gubernatorial coolness, the Admin-

* Left to right, seated: Illinois' William Stratton, the President, North Carolina's Luther Hodges, Labor Secretary James Mitchell. Standing: North Dakota's John Davis, Vermont's Joseph Johnson, Maine's Edmund Muskie, California's Goodwin Knight, Washington's Albert Rosellini, Arkansas' Orval Faubus.



Dowling—© 1958, N.Y. Herald Tribune Inc.
"MAYBE SHE'LL COME IN
ON THE NEXT BUS"



PAYNE



FULBRIGHT



Walter Bennett; Hank Walker—LIFE; Robert Lovell—Indianapolis News

DOUGLAS
CAPEHART

When a guillotine falls, a head gets chopped off.

istration will probably move ahead with some sort of plan expanding unemployment compensation. At the same time, it will continue speeding the flow of federal money into the economy. Last week the President ordered Housing and Home Finance Administrator Albert Cole to speed up the spending and lending of about \$650 million in funds already appropriated for public housing, urban renewal, public-works loans to local governments, etc. He also instructed Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson to "encourage" the outflow of Rural Electrification Administration loans.

Not to Be Panicked. These were measures that might help tide the economy over until the upturn the President hopes for later this spring. But the President stands firm against a drastic anti-recession tax cut before then. Said he in his speech to the Republican women: "This Administration is not going to be panicked by alarmists into activities that could actually make those hardships not temporary, but chronic."

Trying to fend off such alarmists, President Eisenhower met with Republican congressional leaders, asked them to hold out against tax-cut pressures until some time in May. Then, said Ike, if a tax cut does prove necessary, he wants an across-the-board measure that would include reductions in corporation and excise taxes as well as politically popular cuts in income taxes. But whether the President gets a 60-day wait-and-see period, or even a 30-day chance, depends largely on two events in the second week of April. Then will come the release of the Labor Department's unemployment figures for March, which might set off a tax-cut stampede. Then too will come the return to Washington of Congress after its Easter recess. And if the Congressmen of either party, after carefully sounding out the ideas of the folks back home, decide that a tax cut is the way to win votes in the November elections, then the President may have very little to say about what happens.

Last week the President also:
 ♣ Spent half an hour with India's black-suited Vice President Sarvepalli Radhak-

rishnan, who later reported that he found Ike "not at all depressed about the future of the world." Added the visitor: "We found ourselves in great agreement on the fundamental principles of the New World: the sanctity of the individual, the rule of law, social justice and right means to attain right ends."

♣ Accepted an invitation to deliver a mid-April speech at a Washington meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and the International Press Institute. Subject: foreign policy.

♣ Accepted a scheduled weekend visit to West Point because of the weather, boarded the Columbine III and went off to sunny Augusta, Ga. He got in 18 holes of golf that afternoon and 18 the next, played bridge, chatted with vacationing Republican Thomas E. Dewey, returned to Washington in time for a Monday-morning appointment with West Germany's Vice Chancellor Ludwig Erhard.

THE CONGRESS

The Hazards of Whizzing

Mostly because of his political talent for getting out in front of other Democrats and Republicans with fast answers to national problems, e.g., a flock of anti-recession spending bills, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson has had things pretty much his own way during the 85th Congress, Second Session. Not only has Johnson had most Senate Democrats under his thumb, but Senate Republicans have been notably reluctant to tackle him. Last week, for the first time this year, Lyndon began getting arguments from both sides of the aisle.

It began when he arose on the Senate floor to pat himself on the back. The week just past, said Johnson, referring to his success at ramming pump-priming anti-recession bills through the Senate, was "one of the most productive and constructive" of his Senate career. That was too much for Republican Leader William Fife Knowland. "It is only in the dictatorships of the world," rumbled Knowland, "that legislation whizzes through." Even Indiana's ponderous Republican Senator Ho-

mer Capehart got in on the act, complaining that Johnson was moving so fast that Republicans did not have a chance to be heard. Said Capehart: "I, for one, am going to fight it from this day on because I am sick and tired of it."

Jangled Nerves. Unfazed, Lyndon Johnson proceeded to order a new spending bill, sponsored by Arkansas' Democratic Senator William Fulbright, railroaded through Fulbright's Banking and Currency Committee for fast floor action. The Fulbright bill would expand the federal Community Facilities Administration, which makes modest loans for small-town public works such as sewers and water mains. It proposed to 1) swell CFA's loan authorization from \$100 million to a gaudy \$2 billion; 2) slash interest rates on CFA loans; and 3) make all kinds of community projects eligible, from parks to parking lots.

But, as it happened, the Johnson directive sorely jangled the nerves of Illinois Democrat Paul Douglas and Maine Republican Frederick Payne. Reason: Douglas and Payne have pet bills of their own, both aimed at fattening federal aid to depressed areas, which Banking Chairman Fulbright has kept bottled up for months. Democrat Douglas and Republican Payne got together and vowed to get area assistance unbottled as the price for considering the Fulbright bill. Committee Republicans joined the plot; so did Democrat Joseph Clark, who is keenly interested in getting more federal aid for depressed Pennsylvania towns.

Deepfreeze Artist. The result was a shouting, table-pounding committee session, with Democrats Douglas and Fulbright trading insults. Fulbright, cried Douglas, had shoved his bill into a "stacked" subcommittee, where "the guillotine would fall, its head would be chopped off. [Fulbright] is a Deepfreeze artist." Fulbright insisted that his bill was merely a "very small amendment" to an already existing program. Shouted Douglas: "Two billions may seem small to the Senator from Arkansas, but it seems rather large to the Senator from Illinois." Retorted Fulbright, dragging in the massive

embezzlements uncovered in Illinois' Republican state administration in 1956: "I know Illinois is a poor little state. You steal this much out of your public treasury there, don't you, and you never miss it." Roared Douglas, with a biting reference to Fulbright's unbroken silence on the segregation issue in Little Rock: "I speak out against these things—and against some of the occurrences in the State of Arkansas!"

The result of the whole fracas was that not even Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's priority order was enough to get Fulbright's bill out of committee without a humiliating compromise. By an 8-to-5 vote, the committee rammed down Fulbright's throat a resolution making area assistance, Douglas-Payne style, the first order of business after the Fulbright measure.

On the House side of the Capitol, anti-recession activity went more smoothly. The House:

¶ Passed, after adding a one-year limit, a Senate bill freezing farm-price supports at 1957's high levels. Breaking G.O.P. ranks, 44 farm-state Republicans voted aye. Okaying the one-year provision, the Senate sent the bill to the White House, where it faces a probable veto.

¶ Shouted onward, without debate, a Senate bill making an extra \$1.8 billion in federal money available for housing loans.

¶ Adopted two Senate resolutions calling upon the Eisenhower Administration to do what it is already doing: speed up spending of already authorized funds.

COST OF LIVING

Recession's Inflation

While most economic indexes were, unhappily, edging downward, the cost of living, just as unhappily, was still edging upward. Last week the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that the consumer price index went up 0.2% during February

to a new inflation high of 122.5 (v. index of 100 in 1947-49). Sharpest rise in the recession month's inflation was the advance of 0.4% in food prices, caused mostly by fresh fruit and vegetable shortages after the harsh winter freeze in Florida and the Deep South. Food prices are not likely to head downward, said the Bureau of Labor Statistics, until spring-grown fruits and vegetables reach the market in May or June.

Car Fare

The average U.S. motorist who drives 10,000 miles in 1958 will spend \$1,078, about \$76 more than it cost him to operate in 1957, says an American Automobile Association survey. Annual depreciation, the driver's biggest budget item, will increase by \$51 to \$565, chiefly because of the higher cost of new cars. Insurance will go up \$13.31 to \$116.71, license and registration fees up \$1.48 to \$19.16, maintenance up .05¢ to .79¢ a mile, tires up .06¢ to .59¢ a mile. The only saving, says the AAA, will come in gas and oil, which in 1958 will average 2.39¢ per mile—down an imperceptible .03¢.

SPACE

Vanguard's Triumph

In the early-morning darkness at Cape Canaveral, the morning star and the thin edge of a waning moon graced the eastern sky. Their light faded, and at 6:45 the sun burst bright and yellow above a cloud bank to bathe the slender dark-green-and-white Vanguard rocket standing on Launch Pad 18A. In Vanguard's nose was a 34-lb. antenna-horned space satellite that symbolized at once the hope and despair of all the men at the Cape. Temperamental Vanguard, twice a spectacular failure, was once again ready for the shoot; the countdown was on—T minus 16 minutes.

"The Navy's anchor," some of the wits had dubbed the bird, and someone sug-

gested that all Vanguard needed was a rubber band to spring it skyward, Said Scientist J. (for James) Paul Walsh, 40, pugnacious Vanguard deputy director who bossed the Cape project: "It made me goddam mad. If they call you a lummoxx long enough, you've got to be careful or you'll start believing it."

Vanguard's rocketmen, too devoted to believe in anything but ultimate success, gilded their worries with sentiment. As the moment for last week's shoot approached, one man fastened a St. Christopher's medal inside the bird, after producing a formal equipment-change memo on which was printed, as the reason for the change, ADDITION OF DIVINE GUIDANCE. Stenciled at the top of the Vanguard, near the satellite itself, was HAVE BALL, WILL ORBIT. And at the base someone had printed three words that summed up the hopes of all missiledom: LOVE LIFTED ME. Vanguard was ready to go.

"T Minus Ten." Gathered in the blockhouse, many of them wearing green shirts in honor of St. Patrick's Day, the countdown crewmen ticked off the checklist. At the intersection of Navaho Road and Vanguard Road, 1,800 ft. away, Walsh took his position in a faded blue Air Force communications van. With him was President Eisenhower's Naval Aide E. P. (Pete) Auran and a handful of Vanguard men. Paul Walsh had a phone line hooked to the Washington office of his immediate superior, Dr. John P. Hagen, director of Project Vanguard. The same line was connected to telephones manned in the White House by Press Secretary James Hagerty and Presidential Aide Andy Goodpaster, ready to pass the word



THE BLOCKHOUSE DURING COUNTDOWN

"This is it . . . Good signal. No doubt. Congratulations . . ."



OFF THE PAD

U.S. Navy

to Ike. "T minus ten," said Walsh. "Clear sky on launching complex . . . Minitrack clear." Pete Aurand took a horseshoe from a paper sack, spit on it, tossed it over his shoulder.

The seconds tightened as hundreds of eyes were fixed on the clock. Seven-fifteen (a.m.) . . . T minus 60 seconds . . . 55 . . . 50 . . . 45 . . . Said Walsh: "Helium disconnect has dropped; lox vent has closed." Then T minus one. Snapped Walsh: "Mark!" From the blockhouse came the word: "Ignition!"

"This Is the Best." The graceful rocket strained on its launcher as its engines built thrust. It lifted in grandeur in the morning sun, trailing a white-hot fire that looked like an inverted candle flame. Seconds after lifting—first slowly, then ever faster—Vanguard's farewell roar reverberated over the Cape in a blanket of sound. Half a mile from the pad, Canaveral men cheered: "Go, baby, go! Keep going, baby! Don't quit, baby!"

The first real proof that the satellite was in orbit had to come, more than two hours later, from the tracking station in San Diego. In the communications room of Washington's Naval Research Laboratory, Hagen stood at a teletype. Shortly after 9:30, the machine began to clatter:

San Diego: NO SIGNAL YET . . . STAND BY, WE MAY HAVE IT.

Washington: GIVE US THE WORD ASAP (as soon as possible).

San Diego: THIS IS IT . . . GOOD SIGNAL, NO DOUBT, CONGRATULATIONS . . .

Washington: THANKS MUCH. THIS IS THE BEST.

And so it was. Vanguard's shoot had sent its ball farther and faster than any of the earlier three: it orbited at up to 18,400 m.p.h., with a splendid apogee of 2,466 miles (see SCIENCE). Jubilant Navy-men in Washington instantly began talking about the target date next month, when they hope to launch a second, bigger Vanguard satellite. At Canaveral, celebrating Vanguardsmen sang *Anchors Aweigh*, threw Straw Boss Walsh fully clothed into a pool—and, after their long, bitter ordeal, laughed back at the world.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"Point of Contact"

From Washington and the Middle West last week came salvos of the spring offensive in what might well become 1958's most important legislative battle. The issue: the Eisenhower Administration's all-out effort to persuade Congress, now interested mainly in domestic anti-recession spending, to authorize \$3,940,000,000 for foreign military and economic aid for fiscal 1959. Items:

¶ In Washington, Defense Secretary Neil McElroy appeared as the first witness at the Senate Foreign Relations Committee foreign aid hearings, forcefully argued that foreign military aid is needed to help U.S. allies deliver "a counterblow of devastating effectiveness" if the Communists launch "a massive surprise attack." Added chairman of the Joint Chiefs

of Staff Nathan Twining: foreign military aid is "essential to security." The appearance of Pentagonians McElroy and Twining as the first witnesses emphasized an often forgotten fact: more than 69% of foreign aid goes toward the military strength of U.S. allies; only 30% is for nonmilitary use.

¶ In Chicago, Vice President Richard Nixon called a press conference to speak out for foreign aid, noted that he had "a different position" from many Midwestern Republicans, noted too that "the money we spend in the mutual security field is really aid to ourselves—and if the time comes when it doesn't meet that test, then I think we should reduce it."

¶ In an Omaha speech, General Alfred Maximilian Gruenther, onetime Supreme



NEIL McELROY
How many votes?

Allied Commander in Europe, now president of the American Red Cross, struck another note. Said he: "Take the arc from Japan to Afghanistan; you have a population of one and a half billion people. Approximately half of those people go to bed hungry each night. If we lose a significant number of those people, we are in trouble. I have faith in our religious civilization and the dignity of the human being which stems from that concept. That is what we are trying to establish as the point of contact."

STATISTICS

Money & Marriage

Straight-faced from the U.S. Census Bureau last week came some provocative statistics on the relationship between money and marriage. Among nonfarm men aged 35 to 64, reported the bureau, 96.4% of those earning \$6,000 or more a year are married. Among those earning less than \$2,000 a year, only 71% are married. Two percent of the \$6,000-plus group are single, said the report, and

1.6% are widowed or divorced. In the \$2,000-minus class, 18.4% are single, 10.6% are widowed or divorced.

The Census Bureau's cautious conclusion: men with better-than-average income "have the best chances of being selected as marriage partners"—and, presumably, of maintaining the partnership.

ARMED FORCES

More Incentive

Passed by the House Armed Services Committee last week: a \$668 million military pay-rise bill. Likely to maintain its substantial form as it moves through the legislative process, the bill takes a firm step toward carrying out the recommendations of a study committee headed by General Electric President Ralph Cordiner, aimed at cutting the costly turnover in armed forces personnel by offering higher incentives for career service. Some representative pay raises by Army rank or equivalent:

Present Rank	Longevity	Monthly Raise
Corporal	3 yrs.	up \$ 20 to \$ 160
Sergeant	7 yrs.	up \$ 29 to \$ 220
Sergeant 1/c	11 yrs.	up \$ 26 to \$ 260
Master Sergeant	15 yrs.	up \$ 47 to \$ 328
Ch. Warrant (W-3)	21 yrs.	up \$ 69 to \$ 475
2nd Lieutenant	2 yrs.	up \$ 14 to \$ 251
1st Lieutenant	5 yrs.	up \$ 37 to \$ 372
Captain	12 yrs.	up \$ 68 to \$ 520
Major	16 yrs.	up \$ 80 to \$ 610
Lieut. Colonel	18 yrs.	up \$112 to \$ 720
Colonel	22 yrs.	up \$171 to \$ 920
Brigadier General	26 yrs.	up \$220 to \$1,125
Major General	30 yrs.	up \$299 to \$1,375
Lieut. General	30 yrs.	up \$499 to \$1,625
General	30 yrs.	up \$599 to \$1,875

The bill also adopts a Cordiner report recommendation to create two super pay grades of enlisted men, E-8 and E-9, to which a limited number of exceptionally experienced and able master sergeants or chief petty officers could be promoted. Base pay for E-8 would be up to \$400 a month, up to \$460 for E-9.

INVESTIGATIONS

New Kind of Shock

Of all the shocked members of the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, none was more constantly, quiveringly shocked by the mere thought of outside pressure on the Federal Communications Commission than New Jersey's Republican Representative Charles A. Wolpert, 77, veteran of nearly 32 years of House service. "It will be a sorry day in America," cried he, as evidence piled up that applicants for Miami's disputed TV Channel 10 had enlisted Senators to bring pressure on the FCC, "if the feeling of reverence for courts does not exist, and I think it's a sorry day when the feeling does not exist for a [federal] commission." Indignant Charles Wolpert wanted to haul the offending Senators before the House subcommittee, and he introduced a bill to make it a crime for anybody, including members of Congress, to make an improper request of a federal regulatory agency member. Said he: "I'm

sure it shocks anyone else who has an idea of morality."

Last week it developed that a good deal depended on whose morality was involved. Republican Wolverton began expounding his ethical ideas to Witness Paul Porter, chairman of the FCC during the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations, now counsel for a losing applicant for Miami's Channel 10. That was what canny Lawyer Porter had been waiting for. Smiling owlishly, he reached into a briefcase, produced a letter from a Congressman to the FCC requesting special action on a constituent's application for TV Channel 17 in Camden, N.J. Date of letter: March 30, 1953. Sender of letter: Representative Wolverton.

Visibly suffering from a different kind of shock, Representative Wolverton spent the lunch hour searching for another copy of the letter, finally found one in the National Archives, returned to the hearing room that afternoon with an indignant explanation: It was an "inconsequential letter," and if, "after 32 years, only one letter can be produced, I have a lot to be thankful for." Subcommittee Chairman Oren Harris, an Arkansas Democrat who has been less excited all along than Wolverton about congressional pressures on the FCC, cut in quickly. "There is no impropriety," said Harris. "Hearing is adjourned."

Another day last week the subcommittee met President Eisenhower's brother-in-law, Colonel George Gordon Moore Jr., 54, accused last month by ousted Subcommittee Counsel Bernard Schwartz (TIME, Feb. 24) of trying to swing FCC decisions through his membership by marriage in "the White House clique." Colonel Moore, a crisp and courtly Texan, was born in Galveston, educated at St. Mary's Seminary (Roman Catholic) at La Porte, Texas, in 1940 married Mabel Frances



United Press

GEORGE GORDON MOORE
How many assets?

Doud, younger sister of Army Wife Mamie Doud Eisenhower. In 1942 Moore entered the Army, rose from second lieutenant to lieutenant colonel in the Quartermaster Corps, returned to civilian life in 1951 "to make money." Occupation since then: a roving man-about-business, with varied interests in Caribbean green sugar, U.S. freight airlines, a shipyard in Dictator Rafael Trujillo's Dominican Republic, etc.

Last week George Gordon Moore appeared voluntarily before the House subcommittee, made some of his financial records available, insisted convincingly that he had never used the Eisenhowers to help his business fortunes—"No, sir!" After getting a clean bill and friendly smiles from the subcommittee, Moore departed, saying: "Being an Eisenhower in-law from a business standpoint can be more of a liability than an asset."

POLITICAL NOTES

Bad News for the G.O.P.

President Eisenhower's political popularity rating is down five Gallup poll percentage points below his previous low of 57%, recorded just after the 1954 congressional elections and again after the Little Rock segregation crisis last year. Results of last week's survey of opinion on the way Ike is doing his job:

Approve	52%
Disapprove	35%
No opinion	15%

Congressional Republicans, who figure by rough rule of thumb that they must get 55% of the vote outside the Democratic South to win this year's congressional elections, found themselves at the lowest low since 1936. Gallup poll of Northerners:

Republicans	46%
Democrats	54%

The congressional results nationwide:

Republicans	44%
Democrats	56%

In both the presidential and congressional polls, Gallup found one overriding reason for the G.O.P. slump: the recession and fear of unemployment. In still another poll, Gallup reported that unemployment had become the problem of greatest public concern. Just a month before, 30% had listed keeping the peace as the nation's top problem, against 7% naming unemployment. Last week's figures: unemployment 40%; keeping the peace 17%. This, said the pollsters, was the first time since Depression year 1937 that unemployment had been rated the U.S.'s No. 1 problem.

The Third Brother

Wrote Columnist Stewart Alsop, an Adlai Stevenson devotee, during the 1952 presidential campaign: "This reporter [recently] remarked to a rising young Connecticut Republican that a good many intelligent people, who would be considered normally Republican, obviously admired Stevenson. 'Sure,' was the reply,



Charles J. Vendetti

JOHN ALSOP
How many eggheads?

'all the eggheads love Stevenson, but how many eggheads do you think there are?' Months later, Stew Alsop got around to identifying the man who introduced the word egghead to the modern political vocabulary. The "rising young Connecticut Republican" was Insurance Executive John deKoven Alsop, now 42, youngest brother of Columnists Joseph, 47, and Stewart, 43, and by all odds the least-known of the brothers Alsop. Indeed, precious few of generally Fair-Dealing Joe's and Stew's 12 million paid-up readers even knew that they had a brother—much less a Republican.

In his home state of Connecticut, John Alsop carries some impressive credentials. He belongs to an old Avon (Conn.) family, went to exclusive Groton and Yale ('37), served overseas in the cloak-and-dagger OSS in World War II, steadily climbed the promotion ladder in Hartford's Mutual Insurance Co. from field inspector ('46) to president ('53), twice won election to the Connecticut General Assembly (1947 and 1949), and won friends among Eisenhower Republicans as a Connecticut Yankee for Ike in both 1952 and 1956.

Last week John Alsop decided to present his credentials to the electorate, announced his candidacy for this year's G.O.P. nomination for governor. If he gets past four other Republican hopefuls at a state convention this June, the least-known Alsop brother will come up against incumbent Democratic Governor Abraham Ribicoff, no egghead, but one of the ablest vote-getters in Connecticut.

Welcome Mat

Since 1948, his close alliance with U.A.W.-C.I.O. President Walter Reuther has helped G. Mennen Williams overcome the violent opposition of Michigan industrialists, win five elections for governor. But in a national presidential election,

Walter Reuther's support is much less than conclusive—and "Soapy" Williams, with his eye glued to 1960, could do with some votes from U.S. businessmen. In the current *Harvard Business Review*, Princetonian ('33) Williams asks an unabashed question, gives an unabashed answer. The question: "Can businessmen be Democrats?" The answer: "The door is open and business is welcome." The Democratic Party, he assures his readers, "is not anti-business . . . is not a labor party . . . can in no sense be called a class party."

An heir to the soap millions of Mennen Co., Williams finds precedent for his presidential hopes in the political success of another Democrat born to wealth. Writes he: "Many younger businessmen who would like to participate actively in the

THE WEATHER

Winter's Last Blow

Winter's last crushing blow began as a weak storm in the South. Laden with tropic moisture, it swung up the East Coast, began dumping wet snow, thousands of tons of it, across a 200-mile-wide belt, from Virginia all the way up to Maine.

Twenty inches piled up in the Washington metropolitan area, as much as 40 inches in Pennsylvania, 20 inches in New York City suburbs, 35 inches in northern New Jersey. And wherever it fell, it brought fresh hardship to the land. Absenteeism dogged the factories. Ohrbach's department store in Manhattan looked like a morgue; other New York City

ful that jagged chunks of ice, torn by wind from the girders and cables far overhead, might crash through the fabric roofs.

Storm & Stares. Pennsylvania's storm damage was the worst in 40 years. Somehow all the misery came to focus in a Howard Johnson's restaurant on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, just 50 miles from Philadelphia, where snow strangled every moving object, turned the road into a quilted graveyard of cars. Stranded motorists wedged out of their vehicles and headed for shelter. The lucky ones found their way to the restaurant, where they waited uncomprehendingly—first a dozen, then 20, then 100. Within a few hours, more than 800 people milled about the soda fountain, boiler room, and garage, clamoring for rescue, choking down food, claiming tables for beds. Said a stranded doctor: "It was touch-and-go as far as panic was concerned. We had no coordination and no one was there to organize the people into a cooperative group for the first 20 hours. You could actually feel the tension grow. A curt word here, a hard stare there."

Again and again, bands of husky truck drivers plunged into the storm, returned with more lost souls. One man, struggling through the waist-high drifts toward the restaurant, fell dead of a heart attack. Two Amish farmers returned to their truck, brought back a load of bologna and cheese, sold part of it to adults, gave the rest to the children. The stares grew harder, the words sharper.

At last a few Air Force helicopters whirled in to remove some of the ailing. Then police and snow-plow crews broke through. After 36 harrowing hours, the trapped 800 munched on their way, mumbling incoherently the never-to-be-forgotten names of Howard Johnson's—28 delicious ice-cream flavors. Before most of them got home, the snow had stopped. The sun was shining.



HOWARD JOHNSON'S RESTAURANT ON PENNSYLVANIA TURNPIKE
Tension and death on a soft, white quilt.

Democratic Party do not do so because they are afraid to. In some areas the young man in a profession or in business is ostracized if he becomes or remains a Democrat. He is looked on as a traitor to his class. This epithet was applied to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and I have heard this foolishness applied to me."

Dreamboats

Democratic dreams of the day, as told by Massachusetts' presidentially hopeful Senator John Kennedy about himself, Missouri's equally hopeful Senator Stuart Symington, and power-playing Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Baines Johnson of Texas:

"Several nights ago I dreamed that the good Lord touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Don't worry, you'll be the Democratic presidential nominee in 1960. What's more, you'll be elected.' I told Stu Symington about my dream. 'Funny thing,' said Stu, 'I had exactly the same dream about myself.' We both told our dreams to Lyndon Johnson. Said Lyndon: 'That's funny—for the life of me I can't remember tapping either of you boys for the job.'"

stores reported 25% and 33% losses in business. "It definitely hurt unemployment," said a Labor Department expert. "It slowed up construction and farming." Wrote Washington Pundit David Lawrence: "People just don't go downtown shopping or begin to look at the new cars in the salesroom when they can't even get back and forth from work."

Tides & Tables. With the U.S. yearning for spring, the storm was of the cruellest kind. Electrical failures shut off the power in more than 1,500,000 homes and institutions. More than a dozen people in Maryland were poisoned by carbon monoxide when they tried to cook indoors on charcoal burners. Families on New Jersey's shore had to leave their homes as high tides rammed the coast. In Sag Harbor, N.Y., an 82-year-old man left his house to seek help, drowned in tide-water in his own front yard.

One determined woman in Falls Church, Va., kept her furnace going by burning all her firewood, then the extension leaves from her dining-room and kitchen tables then her cat's wooden house. Police guarding the Hudson River's George Washington Bridge turned back convertibles, fear-

FLORIDA

Trap Sprung

Hialeah Gardens, Fla. (pop. 180) has only one distinguishing feature. Fourteen miles northwest of Miami, it straddles U.S. Highway 27, one of the roads that carry thousands of money-loaded tourists to Hialeah Race Track, just six miles away. In 1955, unhappily aware that all this traffic was racing by—much of it trying to get to the track in time for the daily double—Hialeah Gardens set itself up a whopping new industry: a speed trap.

Doubling in brass as police chief, Mayor James A. Grimsley and his five-man force blew the whistle on hundreds of motorists, in less than a year collected \$52,422.23 in speeding fines and forfeitures. When the anguished cries of Highway 27's motorists brought on a Dade County grand jury investigation and forced him out of office as police chief, Grimsley had a worthy successor. In twelve months new Chief William C. Geronimo and the Hialeah Gardens whistle-blowers racked up \$45,000.

For all that fine income, Hialeah Gardens was unhappy—and last week it

sprang its own trap. A reform ticket, voted in by 72-6, took over the government, with the new mayor, grey-haired Mrs. Hazel Shattock, pledged to abolish the speed trap. Major reason for the change: the people of Hialeah Gardens had seen hardly a penny of the speed-trap collections. Most of the money had gone toward a new jail, the cost of keeping traffic records, and ever-new, always souped-up patrol cars.

AGRICULTURE

Farming the Farmer

Shoulder to shoulder in Denver's Shirley Savoy Hotel last week sat 1,200 farmers, farm wives, farm economists and farm politicians, gathered in biennial convention to 1) urge federal farm subsidies ever onward and upward, 2) call for the scalp of Republican Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson—and 3) elect onetime Typewriter Salesman James G. Patton, 55, to his 13th consecutive term as president of the liberal National Farmers Union. Cried Jim Patton, sounding the N.F.U.'s anti-Administration theme: "Our patience has been imposed upon by those in power chiseling away at nearly every program farmers worked so hard to build."

In private, raw-boned, wavy-haired Jim Patton scarcely ever raises his voice above persuasive conversational tones. But in public, his is the loudest if not the wisest Democratic voice in U.S. agriculture. He speaks through the National Farmers Union, with its 750,000 members (see map), and a network of N.F.U.-run magazines, newspapers, pamphlets and radio programs. Patton's upper councils are a Democratic Farm Cabinet-in-exile: Harry Truman's Agriculture Secretary Charles Brannan is the N.F.U.'s general counsel; Wesley McCune, onetime Democratic National Committee farm specialist, is the public-relations director; Leon Keyserling, chairman of President Truman's Council of Economic Advisers, is a consulting economist for the N.F.U.

Big Business. But if Jim Patton's N.F.U. is big political business, it is also big money business, with a vested interest in high farm subsidies—the higher the better. The N.F.U.-founded Farmers Union Grain Terminal Association is worth \$33 million, reaps about a \$3.5 million cash harvest each year in Government payments for storing grain surpluses stimulated by N.F.U. high-subsidy policies. Among other N.F.U. interests:

¶ The National Farmers Union Life Insurance Co., with \$100 million of insurance in force.

¶ The National Farmers Union Property & Casualty Co., which last year took in \$10 million in premiums.

¶ A half-interest in a 15,000-acre, \$75 million potash deposit in New Mexico. The other half-interest belongs to Kerr-McGee Oil Industries and Phillips Petroleum Co. Oklahoma Democrat Robert Kerr, chairman of Kerr-McGee, is among the staunchest N.F.U.-liners in the U.S. Senate.

¶ Close financial ties with the Farmers Union Central Exchange, whose 900 outlets grossed \$75 million selling petroleum, machinery and other farm supplies.

The Blessed Are the Rich. Although the National Farmers Union is the champion of the "poor" and the "small" farmer, the man who built the N.F.U. is by no means embarrassed by its wealth. Says N.F.U. President Patton: "I do not think it is blessed to be poor, at least not in the U.S. I've been poor, and I didn't see anything blessed about it."

Kansas-born Patton is the son of an engineer who helped found a short-lived cooperative farm at Nucla, Colo. Jim worked on farms, took odd jobs to earn extra money, paid his way through Western State College of Colorado, wound up with a Depression-days job selling typewriters. "Jim was a terrific salesman," says a longtime acquaintance. "He has always had a tendency for main-chancing."

Patton's main chance came through adversity. When his typewriter job be-



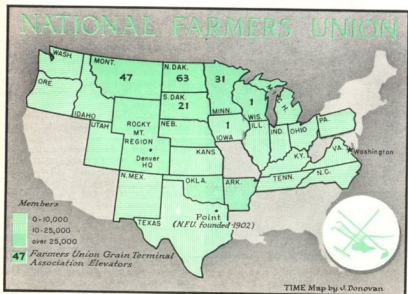
INTERNATIONAL
FARMERS UNION'S PATTON
From politics, a harvest of money.

came a Depression casualty, he started a life insurance company, persuaded the Colorado Farmers Union to back him. Through sheer bounce, bustle and brains, he shot up through the ranks. Within six years Jim Patton was President of the state N.F.U., and two years later, in 1940, he was elected President of the National Farmers Union, a job he has held ever since.

The Welfare Clause. The N.F.U. was then a moribund outfit filled with crackpots and Communist-liners. It took years, but Jim Patton cleared them out, and today's N.F.U. empire is his creation.

Patton's own fortunes have risen with the N.F.U.'s. Although his salary is a close-kept N.F.U. secret, his days of poverty are obviously far behind him. Jim Patton rises at 7 o'clock each morning in his stylish brick-and-stucco ranch house near Denver, wheels his blue-and-white 1957 Lincoln sedan past his kidney-shaped swimming pool, takes a multilane highway into Denver and the \$3.7 million headquarters of the National Farmers Union. There, behind a self-designed, L-shaped desk in a spacious monochromatic green office, Jim Patton talks of his guiding philosophy: "My philosophy is fundamental and it is all found in the general welfare clause in the Constitution. That clause was put there by men who were interested in people. I am interested in people and their welfare."

He is also interested in the Democratic Party and its welfare—and so were nearly all the N.F.U. followers meeting in Denver last week. Guest Speaker Harry S. Truman, on hand to receive an N.F.U. service award, said it best: "I am going to talk to you about agriculture and politics. And if you think those two things don't go together, you are decidedly off the beam." Jim Patton, who has made a highly successful thing out of mixing agriculture and politics, could only agree.



FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

Explosive Olive Branch

To Paris, smiling hopefully, flew U.S. Troubleshooter Robert Murphy and his fellow "good officer," Britain's Harold Beeley. Cause of their optimism: Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba, in a sudden access of moderation, had agreed to let France keep control of the great Bizerte naval base, and to accept neutral surveillance of five Tunisian air bases that he wants France to evacuate.

Striding into Tunis' ornate Constituent Assembly Hall to commemorate Tunisian Independence Day—the deadline for his threatened decision to lead Tunisia into neutralism or Nasserism unless the U.S. and Britain took his part against France—Bourguiba briskly reversed his field, declared, "We tell our Arab and Oriental brothers: We have chosen the West, and we will stay with the West. We must choose cooperation with the West to shut the gates of hell." For the first time since the bombing of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef, Bourguiba even had a few good words for France: "I have always been in favor of cooperation with France because it is in our interest."

Ominous Whispers. It was a measure of the psychotic state of French politics that where Bourguiba's tough talk had provoked Frenchmen to fury, his proffered olive branch very nearly toppled the government of Premier Félix Gaillard. Trouble was that along with the olive branch came news that Bourguiba would still not agree to France's scheme for "neutral control" of the border between Tunisia and revolt-torn Algeria, still insisted that France publicly concede that "in principle" Tunisia has sovereignty over Bizerte. Stirred to their chauvinistic depths, France's right-wing Independents, a vital element in Premier Gaillard's rickety government coalition, promptly repudiated all the concessions which they had agreed to only two weeks before. In the corridors of the National Assembly, there were ominous whispers that the time was at hand for the *crise de régime*—the final crisis that would bring down the Fourth Republic.

Shaken by the previous week's humiliating police riot (TIME, March 24), harried young Félix Gaillard hastily ordered 12,000 helmeted gendarmes flown into Paris from Algeria, Germany and the provinces. To a stonily unresponsive Assembly, Premier Gaillard declared: "It is said that the republican regime has been shaken to its foundation. This is not true. The Republic is much more firmly rooted in the hearts of Frenchmen than many pretend to believe. The only danger which threatens the Republic is the disunity of the republicans themselves and particularly of the republican majority of this Assembly which should permit the government to face up to the realities confronting it."



Camera Press—Fix

FRANCE'S GAILLARD
Eyes right!

In the end Gaillard got his vote of confidence (282 to 196), but with it came a blunt threat from right-wing ex-Premier André Marie: "We give you our confidence, but if the government makes any unacceptable concessions to Tunisia through the Good Offices mission, our confidence would be withdrawn."

Holiday Freedom. Only 24 hours after the confidence vote, the Independents were at Gaillard's throat again. "Tell us exactly what you have agreed to on Tunisia, or we will withdraw our ministers," they demanded. Independent Leader An-

toine Pinay came flying back to Paris from a meeting of the European Parliamentary Assembly in Strasbourg to quell his cohorts. But the trump card was played by Gaillard himself. Said he: "If any part of my majority leaves my side, I will resign."

The distrust of Gaillard among the Independents is matched only by their horror at the prospect of taking over his job (and with it, the onus of settling with Tunisia). With ill grace, the right-wingers backed down, announced that they would postpone until this week their demand for a full statement from the Premier on the negotiations with Bourguiba. Sighed Félix Gaillard: "Another week of survival, but that's a lot." It was.

Despite the political debility of the French Republic, France is not yet on the verge of a *coup d'état*. The one individual who might bring off a coup—General Charles de Gaulle—cannot hope to do so without a far graver crisis and far more parliamentary support than he now commands. The unrest in the French army, which has aroused nervous talk abroad of a military coup, is still largely confined to a few embittered career officers, mostly young colonels exasperated by years of frustration in Indo-China, Morocco, Suez and now Algeria. As for the ordinary Frenchman, he is too busy enjoying his nation's unprecedented prosperity to feel anything more than weary apathy toward politics. Last week saw two new records set in Paris. One was for the number of private cars leaving the city on weekend jaunts into the countryside; the other was for the number of people—44%—who failed to vote in a by-election.

If Gaillard can survive until this week's end, when the National Assembly goes on Easter vacation, he can look forward to a full month in which to work toward a settlement with Tunisia, free of parliamentary interference.

GREAT BRITAIN

Steadied Sterling

Six months ago, to fight domestic inflation and to check a flight from sterling so headlong that devaluation seemed due, the Bank of England hiked its bank rate sharply from 5% to 7%, the highest level in 37 years. The shock worked. The flight was reversed: gold and dollar reserves rose \$689 million, and by the first of the month stood at \$2,539,000,000, best since 1955. In the world's money markets, the pound's worth rose from a low of \$2.78 to \$2.81. Last week the bank's bowler-hatted runners fanned out again from Threadneedle Street to tell lesser banks and exchanges that its rate was cut. The new rate: 6%.

This limited success does not "imply any general relaxation in monetary policy," the bank announced; inside Britain, the credit squeeze against creeping inflation will continue.



John Sadovy—LIFE

TUNISIA'S BOURGUIBA
About face!

CYPRUS

Truce's End

One night last week Nicosia's fire brigade raced five miles out of town to the village of Laxia. It was a false alarm, but back in Nicosia, two British military-supply stores erupted in gasoline-fed flames.

With this neatly executed bit of arson, the EOKA men marked a switch from a policy of passive resistance (TIME, March 17) to a nonshooting campaign of selected sabotage. All week long bombs went off. A pump house supplying water to a British camp was blown up; one midnight a building stocked with shiny new government lottery machines suddenly belched smoke; Cypriots crowded the streets to watch a garage filled with government farm machinery light up the sky. Troops, police and firemen were kept running, but their only captures were 220 sticks of dynamite found hidden under a truckload of vegetables, and a 32-year-old Greek Cypriot who had blown off his own hand with a bomb.

The flames wrote a clear message on Cyprus' clear sky. After a year of truce, EOKA had lost patience, wanted action from Britain on its demand for union with Greece. Sir Hugh Foot, the liberal-minded governor who went to Cyprus four months ago talking confidently of compromise, had seen his suggestions pigeonholed by the Tory government, which discovered that every formula that would satisfy its ally Greece was vetoed by its ally Turkey.

This week all over the island Cypriots will celebrate Greek Independence Day—traditionally a time for anti-British demonstrations that, in the past, have turned into bloody riots.

WEST GERMANY

NATO or Disengagement

Huffing indignantly and pounding his bell for order, Bundestag President Eugen Gerstenmaier shouted: "I have received a telegram from a radio listener. It said, 'Stop this horrible spectacle.'" The horrible spectacle was last week's bitter foreign-policy debate.

When Chancellor Konrad Adenauer flew back from a Riviera vacation fortnight ago, he found that the feverish "Battle Against Atomic Death" had infected even his own ranks. Several leading Christian Democrats, including Foreign Policy Expert Kurt Georg Kiesinger, had been dreaming up all sorts of disengagement schemes, and the party leaders had decided to postpone the debate a week in the hope that Moscow would be mollified into making some kind of concession on German reunification. *Der Alte* testily ordered the debate back on schedule. To one colleague's disengagement pitch, the Chancellor snapped impatiently: "I'm interested in NATO, NATO and NATO."

Pale and frozen-faced, he solemnly told the Bundestag that the time for discussion with Moscow of German reunification had not yet come. Germany's best hope for



ADENAUER & STRAUSS
Shoulder arms!

Heinz Engle

security, he said, lies in NATO, and he shared upon the country to shoulder its share of the burden of the alliance. Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, just back from Washington with a preliminary U.S. agreement to provide Germany with up to seven U.S. destroyers and an indeterminate number of Matador missiles, was more blunt. "Do you want German soldiers," he asked, "to face a potential aggressor with weapons a thousand times less powerful?"

Emotionally, Socialist Fritz Erler charged that Strauss sounded just like Joseph Goebbels when he called on Germany to prepare for total war. "The government," shrieked Socialist Helene Wessel as the Christian Democrats hooted and



KING SAUD & BROTHER FEISAL
Forward march!

hissed, "has more faith in the atomic bomb than in God."

"I was born in Leipzig," cried Free Democrat Wolfgang Doering. "Are you prepared to take upon yourself the political responsibility that in case of need German troops fire on, say Leipzig?" From the government benches, Christian Democrats erupted with howls of "Pfui!" The Socialists howled back: "Yes or no?"

In the resulting uproar President Gerstenmaier suspended the debate to allow inflamed tempers to cool. But the anti-atom neutralists would need more than time to find an answer to Defense Minister Strauss's unanswerable question: "Why are atomic weapons harmless in the hands of the Russians, and dangerous in the hands of the Germans?"

THE MIDDLE EAST

Between Thunder & Sun

Gamal Abdel Nasser dined quietly at Aleppo's guesthouse, then announced with studied casualness that he was going out for a tour of Syria's largest city (pop. nearly 500,000). He climbed into a black sedan driven by Lieut. Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj, the man he has picked for his proconsul in Syria—now known as the United Arab Republic's "Northern Region." Serraj drove him to the airport, where Nasser's private airplane waited. Under cover of darkness and secrecy, the plane headed southwest past Israel's intervening airspace, and arrived safely back in Cairo.

Despite the somewhat ignominious departure maneuver, which promises to become habitual, Nasser lost no time in seeking out a rostrum in Cairo to sound the new glories of the U.A.R. and its leader. In Cairo's Republic Square he thundered: "Always the Arab peoples were able to conquer invaders whenever they joined and stood together in one army—as in Saladin's day."

"The new Saladin!" shrieked the crowd, remembering the great 12th century Moslem warrior who swept all but a remnant of the Crusaders from the Holy Land.

The New Federation. In significant contrast with Dictator Nasser's balcony-built merger, the Hashemite Kingdoms of Iraq and Jordan last week brought forth a new constitution conceived in careful wisdom and dedicated to the proposition that member nations of the new Arab Federation are best treated equals. By late April both countries will have held elections amounting to a referendum on their federation. Then Iraq's 22-year-old King Faisal, as chief of the federal state, will appoint a premier to name a federal cabinet, and the Arab Federation will be in business.

The new federation will have integrated armed forces and a unified diplomatic service (though Iraq and Jordan will keep their separate seats in the United Nations). There will be the right of free movement between the two countries for all citizens (including Jordan's jobless Palestinian refugees). Iraq, which has already begun supplying oil and mutation to

Jordan's crowded cities, will initially bear 80% of the cost of the federal budget. But besides the federal Parliament, each nation will keep its own Parliament. Each nation will issue its own passports and run its own domestic economy; e.g., Iraq will not share its oil revenues to help Jordan's development projects.

The Missing Member. Such autonomy was, in part, deliberately designed to make membership attractive to Saudi Arabia's King Saud. But last week the Middle East seethed with rumors, Nasser's charge that Saud had plotted his assassination, had put the feudal Saudi regime in deep trouble. There were stories of executions, of arrests, of planned *coups d'état* by rival princes.

Behind the wild stories were these ascertainable facts: Saud and his brother, Crown Prince Feisal, are divided over Feisal's insistence on coming to some sort of terms with Nasser's new union. Arrests have been made, including at least one royal prince. Saudi Arabia has turned away all reporters at its borders for the last two weeks.

Whatever his sympathies, Saud cannot afford to ignore Nasser's appeal to his impoverished subjects. Every Saudi Arabian village has radios tuned to Cairo's broadcasts. Egyptian technicians and teachers have deeply infiltrated the kingdom. For all his oil riches, Saud's financial position is so bad that world banks ceased several months ago to honor Saudi letters of credit. Educated Saudis almost to a man are disgusted. Said one: "The King is burning up our wealth, wasting, wasting everywhere—palaces, women, bribes. He is destroying our country. It is a crime that cannot go on."

The keeper of Islam's holy places may not succeed in holding his own course between the dynamic forces struggling for the leadership of Arab unity in the Middle East.



RAJAH & RANI OF ALIRAJPUR
Up went the eyebrows.

CENTRAL AFRICA

Teapot Tempest

White settlers of the Salisbury area were comfortably settled on the veranda of the picturesque Mazoe Hotel in suburban Mazoe sipping their customary sundowners (brandy and soda). Suddenly glasses were put down and eyebrows raised as their lily-white privacy was invaded by plump, brown-skinned Jagannath Rao, the press attaché of the Indian diplomatic mission, who had brought his wife, two children and a friend into the lounge for a cup of tea. Before they could be served, the hotel manager bustled up, asked them to leave. Rao protested that he was a foreign diplomat, but the manager snapped: "I don't want any Indians in my hotel. The right of admission is reserved." The Indians got up and left.

40 Miles From Zomba. Central Africa's Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland proclaims "racial partnership" as its official policy, but unofficially the color bar is so rigid that Indian and Pakistani diplomats are continually turned away from movie theaters, liquor stores, hotels and restaurants—even when they are guests of whites. The wife of an Indian official was not allowed to enter an elevator in a Salisbury department store, and later was refused admission to a "European" maternity home. A Pakistani trade commissioner who had been an R.A.F. squadron leader during World War II was invited to represent his country at a ceremony arranged by the city of Salisbury to honor Britain's Marquis of Salisbury. He found himself shunted to a segregated seat, along with other non-whites while the rest of the diplomatic corps were allotted seats in the council chamber. When the Indian assistant commissioner, the wealthy, Oxford-educated Rajah of Alirajpur, had to visit the Nyasaland capital of Zomba on official business, the only hotel accommodations he could get were 40 miles from town. The rajah has his hair cut by his pretty wife because, he says bitterly, "it has been made painfully clear to me that if I go to a barbershop, some white bricklayer or truck driver will object to sitting next to an Indian."

Civilized Treatment. Last week India officially protested the Rao incident and, as after all the other incidents, the Federation government made official apologies. It further promised that, under a new Immunities and Privileges Act, Asian diplomats will receive a special permit entitling them to order a cup of tea without being thrown out of the tearoom. Indian newspapers fumed that the Federation permit "is in itself an act of racial discrimination. No self-respecting country can allow its envoys to go about demanding civilized treatment on the strength of such chits of paper." Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru himself seemed equally unsatisfied to accept apologies as a substitute for immediate and constructive action. Last week he told his Parliament that India will break diplomatic relations with the Federation unless discrimination comes to an end.

HOST WITH THE MOST

Morning after the elections in which the Soviet dictatorship of the proletariat ratified its contempt for the democratic process of free popular choice, the three Americans appointed by the State Department to observe the show went off to an interview with Nikita Khrushchev at the Communist Party's stucco-front headquarters near the Kremlin. The Americans—Cyril E. Black, professor of modern European history at Princeton University; Richard Scammon, director of elections research for Washington's Governmental Affairs Institute; and Hedley Donovan, managing editor of FORTUNE—were official guests of the Soviet government, repaying a visit that three Soviet observers had made to the U.S. during the 1956 campaign. Afterward, Newsman Donovan cabled from Warsaw his impressions of the host with the most votes of all:

KHRUSHCHEV looked tired; he was also older-looking than I had expected, and softer and shorter-looking. Perhaps this was only because for weeks his picture had been gazing out over me from hundreds of Soviet walls, and in these tinted official photographs, two or three times life-size, his features are planed off and hardened. He was wearing a well-cut suit, dark blue verging on black, a soft white shirt with French cuffs, and a light grey tie. He placed the young interpreter from the Foreign Ministry at the head of the long, green baize conference table, and himself took a seat at the side, his back to the windows that look out across an interior courtyard to an expanse of zinc roofs.

"You are quite right," he conceded at the outset, "in noting that the party organization plays an active role in the selection of candidates."

Communism has never had a spokesman who could state a bad case more ingratiatingly. As official observers, we felt that courtesy demanded a minimum of argument, and this suited Khrushchev. He put on quite a show. When I said we had been much impressed by the earnestness with which people talked of "overtaking and surpassing" U.S. production in 10 or 15 years, Khrushchev answered with a trace of irritation: "I don't know why some people in your country don't take this slogan seriously. Our rates and tempos of growth are three and four times those of your country. I don't know about the time, but the lines are bound to cross. We are all convinced that we will overtake you, and this is not a matter of theory but of facts."

I said it would be a good thing for the



"SURPRISE, SURPRISE—WE WON!"

U.S. to understand the U.S.S.R.'s determination, and that Americans would welcome the competition. "We are not threatening the U.S. with just competition," he said. "We consider that the task should be for all the people of the earth to achieve the American level of living and go even beyond that, and we are sure the whole earth has enough resources for this to take place."

What kind of life would he visualize for the Soviet people after they had surpassed U.S. production? "All our young people will have at least a secondary education. Perhaps this is a dream of fantasy or imagination, but the time will come when 25%, 30% or even 50% of our people will have higher education." Working hours would be very short—"perhaps three or four hours a day." In his leisure, the Soviet citizen would "enrich his mind, his knowledge and his spiritual forces." In what way? "That will depend on his nature and ability—perhaps in engineering studies, or the theatrical arts, or astronomy. Soviet society will provide the means for this development of all the spiritual resources of man."

At the beginning, Khrushchev had seemed somewhat subdued; now, as he talked of the future, the lively little eyes were glittering, the bullet head was wagging vigorously, and the soft, pleasant voice picked up speed. The translator, only 26 years old and seemingly unawed, calmly waited for his chance to break in. And there was time for the Americans to glance around.

Khrushchev is a five-telephone man: two green, two white, one black. He is not a clean-desk man, and in this respect he is refreshingly different from the general run of Soviet officialdom, who work in vast, antiseptic offices from which all traces of the occupant's personality, taste and his-

tory have been rigorously excluded. Khrushchev's office is big, too—about 45 ft. by 25 ft.—but it has some of the agreeable clutter that gets into a room being used by an individual human being. There are pictures of Marx and Lenin, and half a dozen big wall maps and charts—the world, the U.S.S.R., various parts of the U.S.S.R., various projects. At one end, beyond his cluttered working desk, is a big ceremonial desk loaded with souvenirs. Around its perimeter were piles of brightly-colored reports and books, perhaps 40 in all. There were also a model of the Soviets' new jet airliner, the TU-104, a helicopter model, a small bust of Lenin, two ears of corn encased in plastic, and—ironically—a white statuette of Mahatma Gandhi. I wondered how this apostle of nonviolence had arrived at this particular desk; perhaps the statuette was a gift from Nehru, a souvenir of his visit to Moscow in 1955.

Now Khrushchev was speculating, at Black's request, on how an all-Communist world would be administered. "When humanity comes to this, it will find the means and forms to organize itself. Say that socialism wins the U.S.A. This does not mean taking away the living standard of the U.S.A., but raising the rest of the world to that standard and even greater. Of course we consider that wars are the product of capitalism, and if there is no more capitalism there will be no more wars, and enormous resources would be freed. Everyone will be able to satisfy his needs, not only material but spiritual. Everyone will have his own language—the U.S.S.R., with its many officially recognized languages, is a practical example of this. The main thing is to raise the material welfare of all people as a necessary prerequisite of the transition from capitalism to socialism."

As he talked, Khrushchev made expansive gestures with his pudgy hands. "Now you people are sitting here thinking how Khrushchev is mistaken. You are sorry that poor Khrushchev is so misguided as to be a Communist. And I am thinking, what a shame for three such able people to be servants of capitalism. But you are convinced of your society, so peaceful co-existence is the only alternative left to us. War means annihilation."

The Soviet press, he said, would soon publish the complete text of C.I.O.-A.F.L. President George Meany's recent speech on the state of the U.S. economy—"because we want our young people, who do not know what capitalism means, to learn about the drawbacks of your system, not from the words of Mr. Khrushchev, who is known to be anti-capitalist, but from Mr. Meany, who supports capitalism." He was getting more playful as the conversation continued, and after one more critique of capitalism, he asked: "Is this propaganda?" He seemed delighted when Dick Scammon said: "In a word, yes."

As we pushed back our chairs to end the interview, I asked Khrushchev if he knew yet how the election had come out in the Moscow district where he himself was a candidate for the Supreme Soviet. He did not know, but it looked as if he would have a majority of 99.5% "or perhaps 99.7% or 99.8%." I congratulated him on his showing; he nodded his thanks, and I congratulated the people of his district for having such an able candidate. He picked up this ball and ran with it: "Oh, we have a great many able candidates. That's one of our advantages here—in order to run for election here, you need have only ability. In America you must have capital behind you."

For much the same reasons, he said, America "from this time on will always be lagging in science. This will not be because the American people are less educated than the Soviet people. But here every capable young person has the opportunity to develop his ability. In your country this is not so. And if a young person does not get an opportunity to use his talents, they will wither away."

"Now, gentlemen, you are smiling. But there is a saying in Russia that the good smile is the last smile. And the time will come when we are smiling at you—not because we are more capable, but because we chose a better way of developing our talents. Well, think it over."

A few minutes later we ran into Khrushchev in the corridor. Now he was bundled up in his black overcoat with the curly black fur collar and the cylindrical black fur hat. He gave us a grin and a sort of salute. Then, accompanied by a general, he moved on down the hall, as round and jolly a commissar as ever stoked the fires or marshaled the might of international Communism.

TURKEY

New Clubs

In place of their usual juicy tidbits about the doings of high society, Turkish gossip columns printed a curt and sober announcement last week: "Because of an agreement with the Turkish Newspaper Owners' Syndicate, we are discontinuing our society columns." Though the ban was made to seem a do-it-yourself affair, it was actually inspired by none other than Premier Adnan Menderes himself. The columnists, it seemed, had been giving too much gaudy publicity to the marriage of a former Miss Turkey to the mayor of Izmir, who also happens to be a cousin of the Premier's wife. Among other morsels, the columns reported that the Izmir city council had "volunteered" to pay a year's rent on a seaside apartment for the happy couple.

Such items, in a country where editors can be jailed for criticizing the government or its members, offer one of the few opportunities left to Turkey's editors to get in some sly jabs at Menderes and his governing Democrats. But Adnan Menderes seems to feel that even a little is too much, and that he can never have too many clubs to beat the press with. Last November he invoked the well-worn dictator's device of taking over control of all newsprint. Newspapers were forbidden to import any newsprint of their own, thus leaving them at the mercy of the government, which runs Turkey's paper mills. The independent *Cumhuriyet* of Istanbul is kept down to two or three days' supply of newsprint, thus keeping the editor under a dangling Damocles' sword. The opposition *Ulus* has been cut to one-fifth its normal supply, forcing a reduction in its circulation from 100,000 to 20,000. "They'd cut me off entirely," says Publisher Kasim Gulek, "but it would be difficult to explain why they want to ruin the newspaper founded by Atatürk."

A more novel Menderes gimmick is an agency to control all newspaper and magazine advertising. Advertisers must place their ads with the agency, and Minister of State Emin Kalafat allocates them to whatever publication he chooses. So far, the agency has not worked too well: some advertisers are insisting on having their ads placed in the publications of their



MISS TURKEY (1950)
A do-it-himself project.

own choice. But if Turkey's publishers had any doubts about the power of the government's new club, they had only to consider the case of 33-year-old Metin Toker. Last year Toker spent seven months in jail for having criticized a government official in his weekly *Tiye*-styled newsmagazine *Akis*. When the new advertising agency went into effect, his quota of ads was—no ads at all.

ITALY

Bridge on the Arno

"The most beautiful bridge in the world," Florentines called it, and they never got over their outrage when, in 1944, the retreating Nazis blew up the Ponte Santa Trinita, along with four other bridges across the Arno. (Only the Ponte Vecchio was spared, because it was considered too fragile to be useful for Allied military vehicles.) Designed by,

Michelangelo and built by famed Architect Bartolomeo Ammannati in 1569, the "bridge of the beautiful curve" had enchanted generations of Florentines with its unobtrusive elegance, its "mysterious arches" that followed no known geometric curve or architectural formula. "Away from Florence," said famed Art Historian Bernard Berenson, "this was always the image which came to my mind."

A month after Santa Trinita's destruction Architect Luigi Bellini surveyed the ruins jutting like stumps from the Arno's muddy waters, vowed, "We shall have a new bridge—where it was, and as it was." A citizens' committee headed by Berenson raised \$100,000 abroad, Florentines contributed \$30,000, the national government added a final \$350,000.

The project was entrusted to Riccardo Gizdulich, a blond, cigar-smoking architect who has built some of Italy's most radically modern structures. He studied photographs, the designs left by Ammannati, notes left by the head mason. Under his direction, the Arno was dammed, and the river bottom was searched for fragments left after the explosion. Studying the shards, Gizdulich deduced that the ancient masons had used special chiseling and cutting implements now unknown. Gizdulich designed similar tools and had them made by hand, taught a group of artisans to use them. The pieces of the old bridge were lovingly fitted and pieced out with new stone taken from the same Boboli Gardens quarry that Ammannati had employed. Architect Gizdulich grew so familiar with the ancient plans that he could even detect errors in Ammannati's work. But he concluded they were "adorable errors" and carefully preserved them. Workers pieced together fragments of the four statues of the seasons from the river bed, placed them in their old positions on the four corners of the 110-yd.-long span.

One day last week Italian Premier Adone Zoli went up to Florence on a ceremonial visit, and the city's church bells tolled all day. Three years abiding, the Ponte Santa Trinita was formally inaugurated. The head of the statue of Spring was missing (some Florentines claim an Allied soldier took it), but Florentines contentedly examined the swirl of water under the arches and pronounced it just the same. To those who objected that "after all, the bridge is only a full-scale model of the original," Gizdulich replied: "Even though orchestras are not the same as they were then, we still play the works of Beethoven. I think we should go on playing them."

OKINAWA

Double Shock

For months U.S. military authorities on Okinawa watched with alarm as Communist votes on the island multiplied in local elections. Last week, as the voters of Okinawa and the other Ryukyu islands chose a new legislature in the first general election in two years, the Red-run Minren Party campaigned with arrogant confidence, demanding that the U.S. fold up



FLORENCE'S PONTE SANTA TRINITA (UNDER RECONSTRUCTION)
A collection of "adorable errors."

its bases and go home. The conservative Democratic Party and Independent Jugo Thoma, U.S.-appointed chief executive of the Okinawan government, doggedly defended their cooperation with the U.S. administration, pointed to schools built and roads abounding. The Socialist Masses Party concentrated on throwing sake parties, where the rice wine flowed freely.

When the returns came in, both the U.S. and the Reds got a shock. The big winner: the bibulous Socialists, who captured nine of the legislature's 29 seats. The pro-American Democrats skidded from 17 seats to seven, and only one of Thoma's supporters was elected. But the Communist Minren won only five seats, half the number they expected. "A stunning blow," confessed Saichi Nakeshi, Red mayor of Naha. "The people disliked the idea of being used as a tool of international Communism," commented the Socialists' snaggle-toothed Tsumichio Asato.

The Socialist Party is anti-Communist, but it opposes the basing of atomic weapons on Okinawa. It favors return of Okinawa to Japan, but for the moment the steam seems to have leaked out of that issue. Major Socialist demand: that the U.S. pay for all land requisitioned by the military with monthly rentals (which can be adjusted upward) instead of a one-shot, lump-sum payment. If their demands are not met, the Socialists can point to a disquieting fact: the Red-led Minren, despite their poor harvest of seats, polled 28% of the total vote—a higher total than any other party.

INDONESIA

Waiting Game

Indonesia's civil war has so far appeared more comic opera than tragedy. Yet it is closely watched by men in the U.S. State Department and in other chancelleries, East and West. Many in the free world, who would breathe easier if President Sukarno's Red-propped government tumbled, were examining the Central Sumatran revolution for the two prime requisites of successful revolutions: 1) united, vigorous leadership, and 2) the will to fight. So far, Indonesia's dissidents have shown a disheartening lack of both.

The very sight of government airborne troops seems to be an unnerving thing for rebel commanders. When 200 paratroopers flutted down into the Central Sumatran oil center of Pekanbaru, an 800-man rebel garrison took to the hills (TIME, March 24). Last week the hard-working paratroopers were shifted to Medan, the North Sumatran rubber metropolis of 520,000 people that had just been seized by some 1,500 rebels under Major Boyk Nangolan. As the grimy paratroopers in their red berets moved in, Major Nangolan hastily moved out, first scooping up 18 million rupiahs from a local bank and taking all the arms and gasoline he could carry. The only report of damage in the recapture of Medan came from a Sikh businessman who declared that someone had shot a hole clean through his refrigerator.



REBEL PREMIER SJAFRUDDIN SPEAKING AT PADANG RALLY
But where was the will to fight?

United Press

Monsoon Rains. Rebel sources b'amed Nangolan's tame surrender of Medan on the failure of reinforcements to arrive from North and Central Sumatra. Colonel Simbolon, the rebel Foreign Minister, had set out for Medan from the rebel capital of Bukittinggi, but his 100-truck column was bogged down by monsoon rains that caused landslides and washed away bridges. Another rebel column from Tapanuli was stopped dead by a government regiment that was supposed to switch over to the rebels but did not. Djakarta gleefully announced that the remnants of Nangolan's command were cornered on the eastern shore of Lake Toba.

In Djakarta, a fleet of ten Russian freighters and tankers arrived from Vladivostok and was turned over to Sukarno under the terms of a recent \$100 million

Soviet loan. Russia's Ambassador Dmitry Zhukov placidly announced that the Soviet crews would stay on board to help Indonesians navigate and maintain the ships. In Bukittinggi, rebel Premier Sjafruddin charged that the Russian fleet was loaded with arms, and cried: "If Sukarno can have Russian crews, why can't we have American pilots?"

Over the Horizon. At week's end the government advances continued with the seizure of the Rengat-Lirik area, headquarters of the big, U.S.-owned Standard Vacuum Oil Co. and the last major oil installation remaining in rebel hands. Colonel Simbolon had finally pushed through to the vital road junction of Pematang-siantar, joining up with Nangolan's battered forces from Lake Toba and the rebel column from Tapanuli, but he appeared more concerned with defense than with another attack on Medan.

The rebel radio stridently claimed that the rebels had somewhere found a two-plane air force that had bombed Bandung, and a "navy" that was maneuvering in the Strait of Malacca. But Bandung was reported un bombed and the navy unsighted. In Singapore a U.S. squadron consisting of the cruiser *Bremerton* and two destroyers stood by, ready to evacuate U.S. civilians from the rubber plantations and oil fields if the war really hotly up.

If anything, the rebel colonels seemed to be practicing the venerable Indonesian tactic of *sabar*: the quality of biding time, to let the opponent make the mistakes. Unfortunately, in Western eyes, *sabar* is sometimes indistinguishable from paralysis. Sukarno was making mistakes, by leaning increasingly on the Communists and by straining his already weak economic position (last week the rupiah shot to an alltime high of 61 to the U.S. dollar—v. 11.4 for the official rate—on the free market). But it seemed clear that it would take more than *sabar* to bring him down.



THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Political Bomb

In Canada, where a national campaign moved toward the March 31 election date, Liberal Challenger Lester Bowles Pearson uncorked a dramatic bid for votes. Reversing a stand he held when he was Secretary of State for External Affairs, Pearson declared that Canada should press for an immediate ban on nuclear-bomb tests.

It was the first time that either candidate had introduced the delicate and contentious issue of atomic-arms control into the campaign. Tory Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, seemingly holding a solid lead in his bid for a new mandate, ignored the Pearson proposal, went right on talking about domestic affairs. The Gallup poll gave the Tories 56% of the minds-made-up voters, v. 32% for the Liberals.

COLOMBIA

The Institution

Old Laureano Gómez rode a wheelchair to the polls in Colombia last week—and rode away from the election a revitalized political strongman. Less than five years ago, Rightist Gómez was ousted by military coup from power as a hated dictator; only six months ago he returned from banishment in Spain. But when he put his leadership of the Conservative Party into the balance against the party's other factions in the voting, the strong-willed ex-dictator, now 69 and weakened by a series of four heart attacks, easily won. "He is," Colombians explained with a shrug, "an institution."

Fifty-Fifty for Peace. Colombia's Conservatives and Liberals went to the elections to pick a Congress, the first after nine years of dictatorship and state of siege. They voted under a very special set of ground rules devised by Laureano Gómez and Liberal Leader Alberto Lleras Camargo. Because Colombian political strife runs readily to bloodshed, the parties agreed to split the seats in Congress exactly half and half.

Conservative voters chose among three slates of Conservative candidates; the Liberals had an official slate plus some splinter candidates. To avert this peace-keeping measure, the ruling military junta firmly banned the sale of liquor for three days, brought out tanks and troops in battle dress. Colombia counted it a historically peaceful poll. Joked a member of the junta: "Maybe we ought to have an election every Sunday."

The prestigious Lleras Camargo slate of Liberals won all of that party's 50% share of 80 Senate and 148 Chamber of Deputies seats. The total vote—1,800,000 for all Liberals, v. 1,400,000 for all Conservatives—clearly showed Lleras' party to be Colombia's biggest. In the intra-Conservative election, Laureano Gómez' chief opponent was moderate-minded

Guillermo León Valencia, who played a bold role last May in dethroning Military Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla (the man who toppled Gómez in 1953). Of the Conservatives' 40 Senate seats, the Gómez group won (depending on the final count) between 26 and 29, the Valencia group 7 to 10. Of the Conservatives' 74 Chamber seats, Gómez won 45 to 50, Valencia 13 to 18. Gómez, Lleras Camargo and León Valencia were all elected to the Senate.

Next President? Defeat of his faction was a blow to León Valencia. Last year, seeking to amplify the parties' fifty-fifty nonaggression principle to include the presidency, Lleras Camargo and an anti-Gómez faction of the Conservatives



POLITICIAN GÓMEZ
Riding high.

United Press

agreed upon León Valencia as a single candidate for the presidential election set for May 4. But Gómez, on his return from Spain, forced Lleras to reopen the question and agree that unless León Valencia won the approval of a majority of the new Congress, he would no longer be the joint candidate. Now León Valencia is bitter. "If I had not entered the battle against Rojas Pinilla's dictatorship last year," he said last week, "Gómez would still be in Barcelona." He thereupon announced that if Lleras Camargo and Gómez name some other Conservative as the bipartisan candidate, he himself will also run and thus again open the door to dangerous strife and rivalry.

But if either Lleras Camargo or Gómez had a replacement candidate in mind, the name remained his own secret.

BRAZIL

Out of Hiding

The most influential Communist in the Western Hemisphere, Brazil's Luis Carlos Prestes, last week won the right to reappear in public. A Rio judge struck down a warrant for Prestes' "preventive" arrest, which has kept him underground for ten years. This week Prestes is supposed to come out of hiding and sign the judge's terms for his conditional freedom (e.g., he must report twice a month) while he awaits trial—months hence, if ever—on charges of sedition.

The court order ended a curious game of hide-and-seek in which Prestes was often pursued but never quite caught—perhaps because of the 600,000 votes that he and his followers reportedly control. He was seen at times disappearing over the Bolivian border, leaving for Moscow, or holed up in São Paulo running a strike. His manifestos appeared in the 40 newspapers and magazines that Brazil's Communists put out despite the party's technically illegal status.

For Old Revolutionary Prestes, black-eyed, bony and frail at 60, working in the open will be a novelty. More than 30 years ago, as a young army officer, he led a column of 1,500 fanatic men who staged a legendary 10,000-mile retreat through Brazil's jungled backlands after an attempted revolution by army left-wingers had flopped. He then fled to Russia, worked as a hydroelectric engineer, became a member of the executive committee of the Communist International. Back in Brazil in 1935, Prestes sparked another insurrection; his men rose in the night and slit the throats of sleeping loyalist soldiers. He failed again and went to prison for nine years. Released, and playing the martyr's role to the hilt, he was elected Senator, but his loyalties remained wholly Red. "If Brazil should fight Russia," he said, "I would form guerrillas and together with my followers I would fight for Russia."

Fortnight ago, from underground, Prestes proclaimed a popular-front "alliance of all national forces in the fight against North American imperialism," and promised an "enthusiastic campaign" for the election of all "nationalist democratic candidates" in October's congressional elections. The thought of Prestes' votes whetted political thirsts in Congress; five days later the judge who has jurisdiction over Prestes' case decided that the Communist leader "does not intend to flee from application of the penal law," and revoked the arrest order. Above ground, Prestes will probably strive for re-establishment of Brazilian diplomatic relations with Russia, legality for his party, increased membership. During his last period of freedom, from 1945 to 1947, he built membership from 900 to 130,000, making Brazil's Communist Party the fifth biggest outside the Iron Curtain.

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THE AMERICAS

Moving On

The cozy colony for retired dictators in Ciudad Trujillo is breaking up. Argentina's Juan Perón, who cannot get a U.S. visa, last week reserved space for himself and his young blonde secretary, Isabel Martínez, on a flight from Puerto Rico to Madrid. He canceled out when he could get no assurance of exemption from U.S. immigration and customs during the short stopover in San Juan, but presumably will try again by some other route.

Venezuela's ex-Strongman Marcos Pérez Jiménez has already moved his wife and four daughters to four \$60-a-day suites in Miami Beach's Sans Souci Hotel, has a visitor's visa that will let him enter



Tonya Brooks
MRS. PÉREZ JIMÉNEZ & DAUGHTER
Prancing in.

the U.S. any time. His No. 2 man, former Security Police Chief Pedro Estrada, is lying low somewhere in the U.S., having entered on an immigrant's visa.

The New York Times last week deplored the fact that "unwelcome guests" can "prance easily into our midst while hundreds of thousands of worthier souls are barred altogether." But U.S. law lets Latin Americans immigrate without a quota. Political asylum seekers are tested for: pauperism, subversion, moral turpitude. Neither Pérez Jiménez nor Estrada is anywhere near broke; the strongman is said to have squirreled away \$250 million. Neither has Communist or Fascist ties, nor has either plotted against the succeeding government (the ground for denying Perón a U.S. visa). Neither is technically guilty of moral turpitude, i.e., convicted of a crime. Both reportedly expect to settle in or near Washington.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Iran's **Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi** told a nationwide radio audience to go ahead and celebrate the country's New Year without him: "I am sorry not to be able to personally participate in the rejoicing of my nation on this festive occasion. In order to ensure the future of the country and to safeguard the hereditary monarchy, I was constrained to part with my dear spouse, who during difficult times in the past seven years ever shared my sorrows . . ." In Cologne, ex-**Queen Soraya**, a divorcee because she bore no children (*TIME*, March 24), planned a trip, possibly to South America.

At the University of North Carolina, Man-About-Books **Malcolm (Exile's Return) Cowley** took one of Chapel Hill's best-known grads down a peg. **Thomas (Look Homeward, Angel) Wolfe** was not the great modern American novelist (as claimed by none other than Novelist **William Faulkner**), in fact rates below both **Faulkner** and **Ernest Hemingway**, argued Critic **Cowley**, adding: "Wolfe never broke out of writing expanded lyric poems about himself."

India's Prime Minister **Jawaharlal Nehru**, whose gallery of heroes runs from Gandhi to Lenin, sanctioned nationwide celebrations on April 9, birthday of a Red-lining favorite: Actor-Baritone **Paul Robeson**, 59. Said **Nehru** of **Robeson** (who has been denied a U.S. passport since 1950): "He has represented and suffered for a cause which should be dear to all of us—the cause of human dignity."

Although troubled with a minor back strain, **Pat Nixon** (who quietly celebrated her 45th birthday last week) showed up at the annual Republican Women's Na-

tional Conference in Washington, compared new spring hat notes with **Mamie Eisenhower**. Later, the First Lady learned that for the sixth time she had been chosen one of America's 14 best-dressed women by Manhattan's Fashion Academy, along with such well-tailored veterans as Broadway Columnist **Dorothy Kilgallen**, a four-time choice, **Mrs. Henry Ford** (three times), and Radio-TV Bumbler **Maggi McNellis** (eight times). A newcomer: Opera Diva **Maria Callas**.

Perched high above the jungle grass aboard an elephant, U.S. Ambassador to India **Ellsworth Bunker** took five quick shots at a moving target, neatly bagged his first quarry: a prince-sized (12 ft. 10 in. long, 5 ft. 9 in. high at the shoulder) Indian bull bison. Warily clutching his



Lois O'Neill

BUNKER & MAHARAJAH
First time.

gun, Nimrod Bunker posed for the camera with his solemn host, the **Maharajah of Mysore**, and the carcass, which was sent to a taxidermist for mounting.

After years of bleating that he was only an honest businessman, deported Manhattan Vice Czar **Charles ("Lucky") Luciano**, 60, convinced a Naples court commission that he is not really "socially dangerous" at all. Rejecting police arguments for closer surveillance of high-living Businessman **Luciano**, the commission found him "a free citizen who . . . conducts a perfectly regular life which gives no grounds for censure."

None the worse for wear after three days of greeting some 1,500 social belles at Britain's last palace debutante presentation, **Queen Elizabeth II**, stunningly garbed in a pale pink satin frock embroidered in a design of roses, and **Prince**



ELIZABETH & PHILIP
Last time.

Philip happily returned to less arduous royal duties as they attended the world premiere of the British film *Dunkirk* at a London theater.

In a court hassle over a lawyer's fee, counsel for **Winthrop Rockefeller** belatedly confirmed the high cost of freedom: in the divorce payoff to blonde "Bobo" (*TIME*, Aug. 16, 1954), Arkansas Farmer **Rockefeller** shelled out \$6,393,000—close to \$1,000,000 higher than previous estimates. The breakdown: \$2,393,000 in cash (tax-free) and trust funds totaling \$1,500,000 to Bobo, plus trust funds totaling \$2,500,000 for son **Winthrop Jr.**

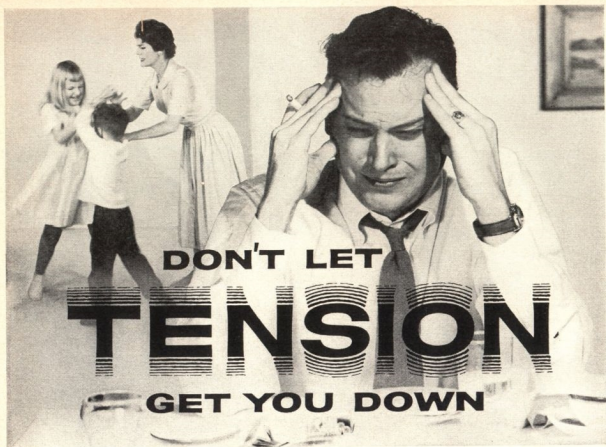
Peering dimly past his infield problems to the state of the economy, syntangling Yankee Manager **Casey Stengel**, new director of the Glendale (Calif.) National Bank, barked his views on high finance to New York *Timesman* John Drebing. Banker **Stengel** sagely dismissed the current recession as no 1929-style collapse: "There's too much money saved up, which we didn't have in '39 . . . Trouble is people are too cautious and keep it where it don't pay them enough interest." What about the Federal Reserve's retreat on the discount-rate policy? "Well, you can only retreat so far. Then the next thing you know you're in last place, which is the last place you want to find yourself in . . . because you are now going to be out of a job, which goes if you are managing a bank, a butcher shop or a ball club."

Near the end of his world tour, stiff-lipped Traveler **Peter Townsend**, 43, ill-fated suitor of **Princess Margaret**, arrived in France, gloomed to reporters: "I found three categories of persons in the world—one-third mad, one-third becoming mad and one-third wise, most of whom are primitives."



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MEDICINE

Staph of Death (Cont'd.)

No sooner had the A.M.A. issued the ominous warning than its timeliness was grimly proved. Warning: there is growing danger of in-hospital epidemics caused by *Staphylococcus aureus*, a common germ some of whose strains are resistant to most antibiotics (TIME, March 24). Proof: the belatedly disclosed deaths since Dec. 1 of 16 babies in Houston's Jefferson Davis Hospital (run by the city and Harris County). So far this year, 81 babies were infected; in February alone, 21 mothers also caught the infection.

Root of the trouble in Houston was painfully clear. The wealthy city has had \$12 million moldering for almost ten years

antibiotics not yet released for general use, vancomycin and one developed in Japan called kanamycin.

A token cut (to 35) has been made in the number of maternity beds to reduce overcrowding. Three rooms are being readied to replace the lethal nursery. But officials admit that these measures may prove useless: the whole maternity service may have to be moved to a new, clean, staph-free location.

Pushbutton Diagnosis?

With the practice of medicine becoming increasingly technical, some doctors dream of a day when an electronic brain might take the place of the physician in diagnosing obscure ills. Last week Dr.

with rheumatic fever he got a different pattern. From tuberculosis victims it was different again, and so on down a long list of physical and mental illnesses, including cancer and various heart diseases. Though hopeful, Dr. Price and colleagues were cautious. It will probably take five years to decide whether the telltale test tubes are truthful, and whether they tell the same story to different physicians reading the results.

Soviet Drug Research

If the Russians can achieve their goal in drug research they will be, in effect, ten feet tall by 1960. This is suggested by an article in the Moscow journal, *Pharmacology and Toxicology*, about the Soviets' five-year plan (1956-60) for pharmacological research. A major aim of the Soviet plan, as translated last week by the U.S. National Institutes of Health, is to develop "pharmacological substances that normalize higher nervous activity and heighten human capacity for work." In plain English, the Russians are looking for drugs like the "psychic energizers" foreseen by New York's Dr. Nathan S. Kline (TIME, Feb. 24), that will make them supermen.

The report on the drug plan, passed on by the 20th Congress of the Communist Party, also reviewed the previous five-year period, during which Soviet researchers devoted the bulk of their effort to treating disease, especially emotional disorders, with prolonged sleep. This has not paid off too well, the anonymous authors of the plan conceded. Prolonged, drug-induced sleep "cannot be used as a universal therapeutic measure," partly because sometimes the cure is worse than the disease—it causes fever or anemia.

In the same five-year period, the Reds reported, they produced many new drugs, including some antibiotics—most of them unrecognizable to NIH experts under the names given. Of the identifiable items, several had been developed earlier in the U.S. Concluded the Soviet report: "As regards the high level of [Russian] scientific research, it stands above the pharmacology of foreign countries, although, as regards the discovery of new and effective medicinal substances, it still lags behind the large capitalistic states."

Fighting Fear

The theme of the exhibit was cancer, and its motto "Conquest of Fear." At first glance it might have been expected to cause more fear than it conquered, for on display in the Marine Corps Armory in Rome, Ga., last week were 60 anatomically accurate, full-colored models of all the human organs commonly invaded by cancer, showing them in the grip of its malignant growth. There were, besides, all the stainless-steel instruments with which doctors probe for cancer, or cut it out when they find it. Nothing was taboo: the cervix of the womb was shown life-size. There was even a jar containing a malformed fetus in a cancerous womb.

Yet the 21,866 people who came to the three-day exhibit agreed almost unani-



PATIENTS CROWDED INTO CORRIDORS IN HOUSTON HOSPITAL

While millions moldered, babies died.

Houston Post

because politicians and doctors could not agree on where and how to build a new hospital. Meanwhile, Jefferson Davis has been crowded to the rafters, running 15,000 patients a year through its 361 beds and 3,800 babies in and out of its 75 bassinets. When its 41 maternity beds were full, mothers were crowded in the halls. Into rooms for four beds, six were squeezed. As many as four patients were simultaneously examined in tiny rooms with only screens for privacy. Ancient, ill-designed and inadequate ventilating systems helped to spread germs.

Disease detectives from the U.S. Communicable Disease Center have tried to find who is carrying the infection and how it spreads. Besides the newborn, the old and enfeebled are especially subject to "staph" infections; many pneumonia deaths are suspected (though not yet proved) to have been caused by staph. To fight the guilty strains of germs—which are resistant to most widely used antibiotics—doctors are trying to new

Winston H. Price told colleagues in the Johns Hopkins Medical Society of some toddling first steps toward developing such a wonderful widget.

Like many other scientists, Biochemist (no M.D.) Price believes that substances in the blood should be indicators of health and disease. But where many recent researchers have relied on enzymes for diagnosis (TIME, Jan. 14, 1957), Price picked the mucoproteins, a little-understood group of complex chemicals in which a sugarlike substance is combined with a protein. Almost the only thing known about them is that their composition changes when tissues are damaged. Price took a standard (but highly complex) fractionator. Into it he put 4 cc. (one teaspoon) of serum from the blood of his test subjects. After the machine had dropped the various fractions into an array of test tubes, he put the tubes under the spectrophotometer for analysis.

From healthy subjects, Dr. Price got virtually identical patterns. From those



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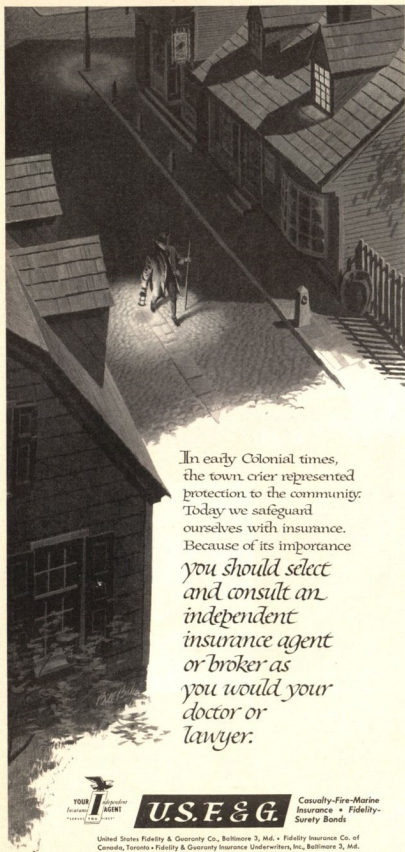
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TIME, MARCH 31, 1958



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mously that they were heartened by what they saw. Sponsor of the exhibit, with the local chapter of the American Cancer Society, was Georgia-born Surgeon Crawford R. Brock, who believes that only utter frankness can break down something even worse than the fear of cancer itself—the fear of a diagnosis of cancer, which keeps too many victims from the doctor until it is too late.

Despite the grim sights, the exhibit offered much hope. At each of the 26 booths, a victim of cancer who has undergone successful surgery was in attendance, living testimony to the efficacy of early detection and prompt treatment. Other townspeople allowed use of before-and-after pictures, some showing faces horribly deformed by cancer, then repaired by skillful surgery. One of the most eloquent volunteer exhibits was a man who had had his vocal cords removed for cancer of the larynx: Deputy Sheriff Sproul Dean, who has learned to speak through his gullet with swallowed air. Said he: "I recovered from that thing, and I want to show others that they can, too."

After the Operation

How soon after an operation should the patient go back to work? While there is agreement that patients should be out of bed quickly after surgery (often on the next day), doctors differ about sending them back to their normal occupations. After appendectomy, reported Philadelphia Surgeon N. Henry Moss at a Manhattan conference, doctors recommend that their civilian patients return to light work within anywhere from five to 30 days, and to heavy work within seven to 60 days. The range was even wider after repair of a groin hernia in men over 50: from seven to 84 days for light work, 20 to 180 for heavy. By contrast, patients in the Air Force zoomed back into the wild blue yonder only 13 days (average) after appendectomy, 17 days after hernia repair. Naval recruits went back to the full rigors of boot training only nine to 32 days after hernia surgery. Pro football players (Philadelphia Eagles) have returned to gridiron mauling 30 days after appendectomy with no ill effects.

After an uncomplicated hysterectomy, women take an average of seven weeks before resuming normal activities. The University of Pennsylvania's Dean (of veterinary medicine) Mark W. Allam contrasted this with the female greyhound, which, after the same operation, is back on the track within two weeks, running a half-mile at 35 m.p.h. While this is no mark for a woman to aim at, Dr. Moss suggested that quick return to full activity should be better for humans than the average present-day convalescence. Patients should not fear that their wounds will tear apart; many surgeons hold that a clean scar, normally healed, is as strong after a few days as it will ever be. Added famed Presidential Surgeon Isidor S. Ravdin: there are measurable medical benefits in getting patients up sooner. Their breathing improves faster as do metabolic processes, including the most obvious—appetite.



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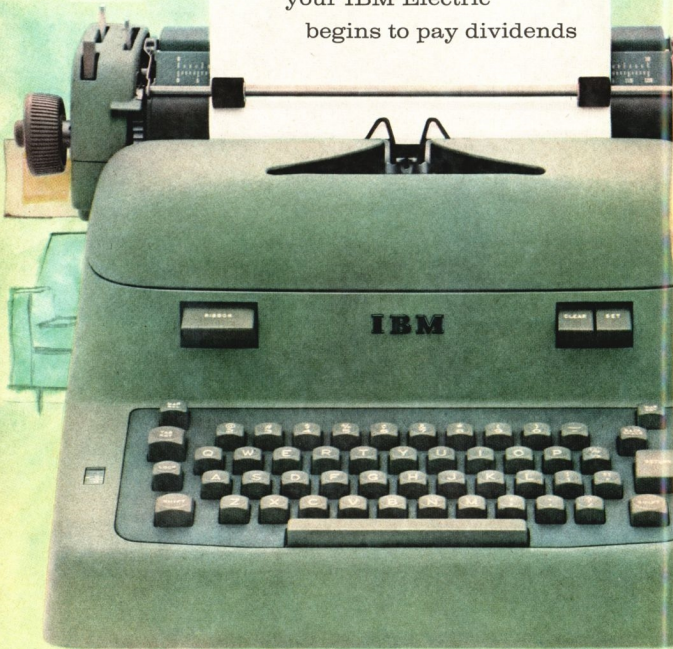
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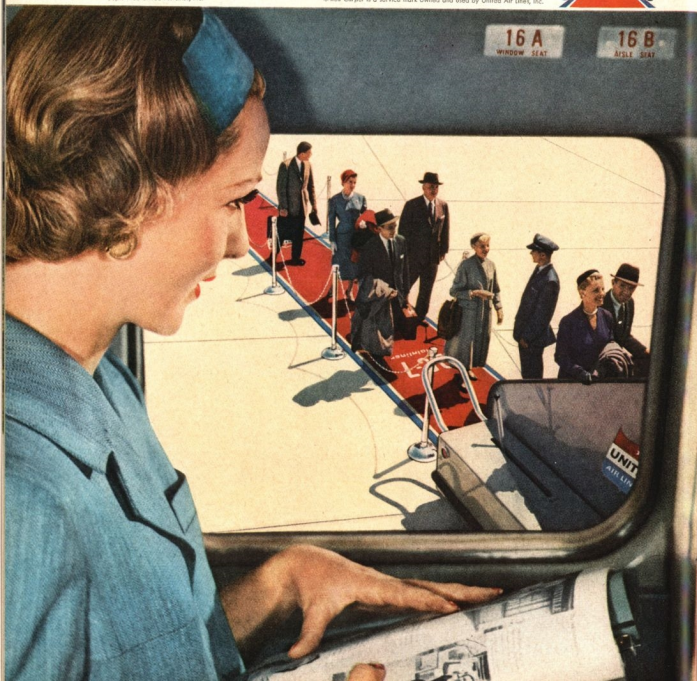
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RELIGION

Faith & Outer Space

What happens to Christianity if a traveling spaceman one day leaves his rocket ship, takes a stroll through the celestial parks, and ends up having tea with a green-bearded, triple-bellied inhabitant of outer space? In the *Christian Herald*, theology-centered Author C. S. (The *Screwtop Letters*) Lewis weighs the question, points out that it might challenge a basic tenet of Christianity—man's uniqueness. Invertebrate Theologian Lewis, a Cambridge professor of literature and a convert (1930) from well-bred skepticism to the Church of England, states the problem thus: "If we find ourselves to be but one among a million races, scattered through a million spheres, how can we, without absurd arrogance, believe ourselves to have been uniquely favored?"

Having defied gravity and undertaken such theological speculation before (via his fictional trilogy: *Out of the Silent Planet*, *Perelandra*, *That Hideous Strength*), Explorer Lewis quickly comes to the heart of space theology: If man is not unique, what of Christ's human incarnation and man's redemption through him? Suggests Lewis: redemption may be possible through other means than "birth at Bethlehem, the cross on Calvary and the empty tomb . . . To different diseases, or different patients sick with the same disease, the great Physician may have applied different remedies." Or else outer-world species might not be fallen, hence not require redemption at all.

What would happen, asks Lewis, if space travelers from earth discover an unfallen race? "At first, to be sure, they'd have a grand time jeering at, duping and exploiting its innocence; but I doubt if our half-animal cunning would long be a



CRUSADERS MOODY (WITH BEARD), FARWELL & MISSION TOTS, c. 1860
In the bathtub, salvation?

match for godlike wisdom, selfless valor and perfect unanimity." Still, "against them we shall, if we can, commit all the crimes we have already committed against creatures certainly human but differing from us in features and pigmentation; and the starry heavens will become an object . . . of intolerable guilt." Earth missionaries might try to force on "creatures that did not need to be saved that plan of Salvation which God has appointed for Man." Pleads Lewis: "You and I should resolve to stand firm against all exploitation and all theological imperialism. Our loyalty is due not to our species but to God. Those who are, or can become. His sons, are our real brothers, even if they have shells or tusks . . . It is spiritual kinship that counts."

Bibles & Be's

After the chorus boomed out *It's a Grand Night for Singing*, a parade of buggies, wagons, ancient cars, a color guard on horseback, judo wrestlers, weight lifters and other performers swarmed about a huge birthday cake in Chicago's International Amphitheatre. Before more than 11,500 onlookers, a series of historical tableaux reincarnated yesteryear's fiery crusaders (Billy Sunday, Dwight Moody) and tycoon benefactors (Marshall Field, Colonel McCormick), plus scenes from the Civil War, the Great Chicago Fire and old Skid Row days. It was all part of the jazzy ("Y's UP") 100th anniversary celebration of Chicago's Y.M.C.A.

Back in March 1858, when visiting farmers slept on the dirt floors of shady saloons and prostitutes strolled along unpaved streets, the Chicago Y. was founded by a group of reformers called the Chicago Young Men's Society for Religious Improvement, at a meeting over a lake-

front store just one street away from gangland's "Hairtrigger Block." By the end of the first year, the organization had grown to 355 members, chalked up (thanks to traveling Preacher Henry Ward Beecher's drawing power) the tidy profit of \$246.85.

With John V. Farwell and Evangelist Dwight L. Moody in charge, the Y. barged into the Civil War with a vengeance, charged into Army camps, held as many as ten prayer meetings a night. In his spare time, silver-tongued Methodist Moody went on the prowl for gamblers, exhorted them to trade in their playing cards for hymnals (legend has it the Y. was soon stuck with a storeroomful of decks).

In 1868 a brand-new five-story building, costing \$199,000, burned to the ground, but even before the flames were put out, Farwell and Moody were raising funds for another hall. The Y. was up in 1869, down (through the Great Fire) in '71, up once again in '74. A few years later tin bathtubs were installed, and proved so popular that they caused impatient queues. Contractor John Scully punched pipes through the partitions separating the bath cubicles, gave Chicago its first showers (with one trouble: bathers had to skip from scalding-hot to ice-cold jets). After Billy Sunday abandoned his post as centerfielder for the White Stockings (later the Chicago Cubs), became the Y.'s whoop-it-up religious director (1891-94), the organization was on its full-steam merry way. Today it is the largest Y. in the world (39 branches, 110,000 members), runs 13 summer camps, offers thousands of lonely strangers in Chicago a welcome bunk.

Last week, as old memories were revived and new goals defined, Dr. Kenneth



EXPLORER LEWIS
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Hildebrand, pastor of the nondenominational Central Church of Chicago, said glowingly of the Y.: "All through its history, it has tried to relate religious theory and principle to action. It's made religion an everyday concern, not just a Sunday thing."

Crisis of Conscience

Through World War II, Pastor Etienne Mathiot of the French Reformed Church gave refuge to hundreds of fleeing Jews, shot-down British pilots, escaped French prisoners and resistance fighters. Last year at his home in Belfort, near the Swiss border, he gave sanctuary to another hunted man, Si Ali Lahouedi, a student sought by the French police as a member of Algeria's *Front de Liberation National*. After hiding Si Ali in his house for weeks, Pastor Mathiot drove the fugitive to Switzerland. French police arrested the minister shortly after his return, charged him with treason. The trial stirred all France, showed clearly that many French Christians—Protestant and Catholic—are deeply troubled by their country's part in the Algerian war.

Clergymen, politicians, resistance heroes came forward to defend Pastor Mathiot. Said Charles Westphal, vice president of the French Protestant Federation and a veteran of the wartime French underground: "Mathiot's action is justified by the prevalence of torture in Algeria . . . He obeyed the highest moral law there is. His act is symptomatic of the great unrest in French consciences today." Other signs of unrest: the French Reformed Church, as well as the Catholic Church, has repeatedly drawn attention to abuses in Algeria. Speaking not only against excessive use of violence there but against bitter anti-Algerian propaganda at home, the Assembly of Cardinals and Archbishops of France said: "Every Frenchman must love his country and be prepared to serve it without hating other countries." Last week *La Mission de France*, a society of 400 priests headed by Achille Cardinal Liénart, condemned French abuses and sympathized with the Algerians' drive for independence. "The church is not opposed to a people acquiring its independence, in Algeria or anywhere else."

While the public debate continued, Preacher Mathiot stood in the dock in a small, jam-packed Besançon courtroom. Also on trial: Francine Rapiné, 21-year-old Catholic student who had acted as Si Ali's secretary (police proved that Si Ali had organized a local cell). To the court Mathiot explained his motives: "A hunted man is a hunted man. A wounded man is a wounded man. He was wounded mortally. He begged for the safety of a presbytery in the name of Jesus Christ . . . There is hope in an act of love. I acted as a Protestant pastor and as a Christian."

The judge handed down his verdict—guilty. For Student Rapiné: three years in jail. For Pastor Mathiot: eight months. "I put my conscience above justice," said Mathiot. "I would do it again."

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TELEVISION & RADIO

The Road to Moscow

Bounding off a Soviet TU-104 jet airliner at Moscow airport, Comedian Bob Hope got a bleak stare from a heavily bearded Russian when he asked: "How're you fixed for blades?" So it went for his seven-day visit to shoot film for his April 5 NBC show. Hope's Western brand of humor was largely wasted on the Russians, even when translated, but his running quips on Soviet life traveled well to the folks back home.

After a visit to the tomb of Lenin and Stalin in Red Square, Hope cracked: "It wasn't a bad show, but what do they do for an encore?" On shopping at the GUM department store: "The men look like they're wearing George Raft's old suits. The women, of course, are more in style. They've been wearing sack dresses for years." On watching voters in the U.S.S.R.'s one-party election: "Let's hurry back to the hotel and get the first returns." On drinking vodka: "Now I know why they got their Sputniks up first. I'm surprised the whole country didn't go straight up years ago." On the censorship: "The Soviet censor read all my jokes. I haven't seen him since. I understand he is doing my act in Leningrad."

Hope's gags, some carried daily by I.N.S. under his byline, drew laughs from an audience of 300 at the U.S. Embassy residence, where a Russian camera crew of 23 filmed his monologue for next month's TV show. But the Russians—who put censors on his film and will have their embassy go over it again in the U.S.—were miffed at some of the cracks, notably

when Hope said that he had seen "lots of TV aerials in Moscow but no sets." To Hope's quip that "the Russians are so proud of their Sputniks that anybody without a stiff neck is considered a traitor," a Soviet official commented doubly: "Treason is a very serious charge in the Soviet Union."

At week's end, Comedian Hope was back in the U.S., and demonstrating that the road to Moscow had not taken his eye off U.S. foibles. Announced he: "That summit meeting is definitely going to be held. The problem is, who's going to caddy?"

Time Remembered

Back in the era when the loudspeaker was edging out the speakeasy among U.S. pastimes, a pair of second-rate jazz singers stood before a microphone at NBC's WMAQ in Chicago, shifted into heavy Negro dialect, and gave birth to a national institution. Within two years the *Amos 'n' Andy* show of Freeman Gosden (Amos, *Kingfish et al.*) and Charles Correll (Andy) was radio's first great popular craze, so captivating that U.S. telephone calls soon fell off 50% between 7 p.m. and 7:15, and movie theaters stopped their films to pipe in the show. Last week balding Freeman Gosden, 58, and silver-haired Charles Correll, 68, quietly celebrated their 30th anniversary—still on the air.

Over the decades, despite blasts from Negro groups objecting to the social caricatures, Southerners Gosden and Correll have stuck to their basic plot line, regularly got tuba-voiced Andy (Correll) into wild misadventures, sent earnest, gravel-throated Amos (Gosden) to his aid, and flavored the episodes with the genial companionship of The Kingfish (Gosden).

After the TV era arrived, *Amos 'n' Andy* also became an all-Negro TV show on CBS. The filmed series lasted on the network only two years, though it is now being seen on individual stations. Since 1954 the famed pair have had to share radio time with guest stars and recorded music on CBS's *Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall*. But on last week's anniversary show, they fondly conjured up the years when *Amos 'n' Andy* were going so strong that car thieves found easy pickings during the program, and defendants testified that at the time of the crime they naturally were at home listening to the show (and made the alibi stick under close questioning by judges who remembered the dialogue). Said Gosden: "We love what we're doing, and we plan to go on doing it for a long, long time."

The Blunted Needle

Television's most talked-about panel last week was the U.S. Supreme Court, which may well have blunted the already dull needle of parody-on-the-air by ruling that "substantial" borrowing from an original work for a spoof is a violation of the copyright laws.

The ruling came on Jack Benny's 1953 *Autolight*, a 15-minute filmed take-off on

the 1944 movie *Gaslight*, which copied *Gaslight*'s situations, scantily paraphrased many lines, even used the same names for its characters. Benny's lawyers admitted that *Autolight* closely reflected *Gaslight*, and argued this has always been necessary for good parody. The court split four to four (the missing justice: William O. Douglas). But the deadlock legally upheld lower courts that banned the parody from the air at the insistence of the moviemakers.

The decision gave a guidepost of sorts to TV lawyers who have defended suits



BENNY IN "AUTOLIGHT"
Stumped by the panel.

and threats of suits against such satirists as Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca by the makers of *From Here to Eternity* (won by the comics), *The Country Girl* (still in the courts) and *On the Waterfront* (dropped). Said one network lawyer: "This doesn't mean that parody is outlawed—only parody with a considerable degree of copying. You're on safe ground when the parody merely mimics style." Said another: "The ruling has made us considerably more cautious."

But even while the Benny suit was up for decision, comics were spoofing with caution; e.g., on his ABC show Caesar ribs only generalized subjects, and NBC's Steve Allen always tips off the TV program he plans to kid (so far, none has objected). From now on, Benny intends to get permission of anybody he parodies. Gloomed he: "I suppose now they won't even let me do *Birth of a Nation*. They're afraid we'd hurt the picture." Would the Supreme Court's ruling kill television comedy? Snorted a CBS spokesman: "That doesn't kill it. Westerns did."

Review

The Twentieth Century: To explore one crisis in U.S. education, CBS cameramen and reporters visited Bridgeport, Conn. and spent five weeks with the *Class of '58* of Warren Harding High School.



HOPE IN RUSSIA
Studied by the censor.

The frustrating question, not only at Harding but at most U.S. high schools: Why do two-thirds of the brightest graduates, with IQs at least equal to it, fail to go on to college? The answers were not new—lack of money or initiative, intense competition for a handful of college scholarships—but they were vividly personalized. By prolonged exposure to the camera crews, Harding's students and teachers were shorn of self-consciousness, caught with their real quandaries, hopes and disappointments showing.

Class also brought fresh impact to its sidelight on the plight of the teacher who is so underpaid that he must find an extra job. In a faculty bull session one teacher remarked to a colleague: "Somebody told me at one time you were pumping gas and one of your students came in and asked for a tankful. How did you feel about it?" The reply: "Well, that doesn't happen very often, but it does bother you. I mean, they want you to wash the windshield and check the oil—things like that. They give you the full treatment—checking the tires!"

Studio One in Hollywood: As a chronic stutterm who masqueraded as a deaf mute to avoid speaking, fledgling Actor James MacArthur, 20, turned *The Tongues of Angels* into one of the best hours of *Studio One* since the rating-rickety show deserted Manhattan for Hollywood last January. The adopted son of Actress Helen Hayes and the late playwright Charles (*The Front Page*) MacArthur, young MacArthur caught the withdrawn dignity and explosive rage of a troubled teen-ager who was befriended and helped by a farm girl (Margaret O'Brien). His acting persevered over a plot that did wonders for the hero's stammer but never overcame its own. Though he won praise for his playing of *The Young Stranger* in the movies (*TIME*,



O'BRIEN & MACARTHUR in "ANGELS"
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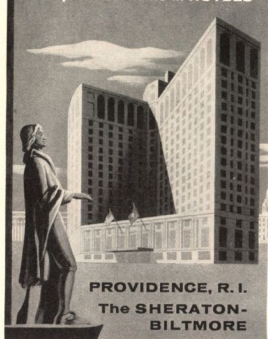
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Jan. 28, 1957)—which he played first on TV—Jim MacArthur's closest critic was "utterly amazed" at last week's performance. Glowed proud mother Helen Hayes (who squeezed in most of the show on a dressing-room TV set between her cues in Broadway's *Time Remembered*): "It was extraordinary. I feel self-conscious talking about him, but I'm not ever biased about acting. There was no possible element of accident in this performance. It was an awful challenge, and he showed he is a real actor."

Counterattack

As TV critic-gossipist in Hearst's New York *Journal-American* and 250 other U.S. papers, pudgy Jack O'Brian, 43, writes a daily column that is lively, readable, and regularly a thorn in all sides of the TV industry. Last week, violating one of show business' most sacred taboos, NBC's Comedian Steve Allen took a deep breath and told Critic O'Brian off. He filled six columns of Manhattan's Greenwich Village weekly *Village Voice* in lambasting O'Brian as "the only TV critic in the nation who is rude, inaccurate, unchristian and vengeful."

Charged Allen: "He has abused his position and power and assumed the role of the neighborhood bully. By far the greater number of TV people openly disapprove of O'Brian's professional methods. He is derelict in his duty to his readers, unethical in his methods, and beneath the respect of the industry because his column is frequently an outlet for his personal emotional delinquencies and vindictive displays of pique."

Among those on Allen's list of O'Brian's pet hates: Arthur Godfrey ("O'Brian will drag Godfrey's name into print for no other reason than to express contempt"), Allen's own rival Sunday-night Host Ed Sullivan ("His hatred of Sullivan is so pronounced that he cannot even bring himself to refer to his hour as a 'program'"), Comedian Jackie Gleason ("Initially, O'Brian praised Gleason. Eventually, he attacked him, at last so rudely that the two almost came to blows one night in a restaurant").

What good did Allen think his blast would do? Wrote he: "Performers who are relatively inexperienced will be cheered by the knowledge that O'Brian's destructive criticisms are in most instances unworthy of respect. To be criticized by O'Brian may well be an indication that you have talent. Perhaps this blunt presentation of the case for the entertainer will, after his initial shock and anger, lead O'Brian to consider mending his ways."

Columnist O'Brian did not see it that way. "Remember, all this doesn't make me angry," he told an interviewer, "even though it's an attack. I think the whole thing is unhealthy. It's sick, that's what it is. Allen gets criticism and turns on the critic. You know what this all means, don't you? It means 'Jack O'Brian doesn't like my show.'" Would Critic O'Brian reply to Critic Allen in his daily column? Said he staunchly: "I'm not even going to mention it."



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Wordsworth



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EDUCATION

The Troublemakers (Contd.)

The isolation wards of the ruffian-troubled New York City school system—its two 700 schools—were back in the news last week, only a fortnight after they were set up to keep hard-to-handle kids off the streets, and embarrassing headlines out of the school officials' hair (TIME, March 17). The incident: at the Greenwich Village school, boys were lined up for a pre-class contraband check. Among ruled-out items: knives, cigarettes, matches (combs—which make effective face-slashers with the teeth broken out—may be banned next). One student, 15-year-old Charles McDougale, was out of line, refused to obey Teacher Edward Carpenter's command to get back in. Then Carpenter put his hand on McDougale's shoulder, in what Principal Irving Boroff described later as "a brotherly, positive way." Student McDougale cried,

"Nobody touches my clothes!" shoved Carpenter a little, swore a bit, then ran out of the school to stand bewildered on a street corner. Someone called the cops.

"It was a serious blunder," said publicity-sensitive Principal Boroff. "A police car pulled up and we were inundated with reporters trying to make it look like a riot." Most of the papers, it turned out, were at least as factual as Boroff, who insisted to the press that what McDougale had objected to was merely a voluntary unloading of hot cargo, later was overheard to admit that his bad boys were subjected to a thorough shakedown each morning.

At week's end McDougale had apologized and was back in school; he still faced an assault charge filed for disciplinary reasons by unharmed and unangered Teacher Carpenter. The school system, and the press, resumed a quietly concerned watch over the isolation wards.

From Chicago came word of a lad precociously qualified for 700-school attention. Twelve-year-old Robert Merchant Jr., a policeman's son, began pilfering from homes in his neighborhood in 1954. Sometimes he worked alone; sometimes he took his four-year-old brother John along, pushed him through transoms. Once he cracked a gas station, found a pistol, managed to wound himself. Four child-guidance centers in turn worked on Robert, got nowhere. After three years of this, his mother gave up, insisted he was incorrigible and a "pathological liar," should be sent to a reform school. But at Oliver Wendell Holmes Grammar School, Principal Loretta Mulcahy found Robert "sharp" and capable of learning his subjects well, thought there was hope of rehabilitating him. There may still be hope, even now, but the rehabilitation will not be accomplished at the Oliver Wendell Holmes Grammar School. Last week, with John tagging along, Robert broke in, found matches, burned down \$400,000 worth of school.

THE LONG SHADOW OF JOHN DEWEY

Thirty years of "life adjustment" by the followers of Progressive Educator John Dewey have left U.S. education overadjusted, ill-equipped to quicken intellectual life. This week, in "The Deeper Problem in Education," LIFE takes stock of the situation.

CONFIDENT of their own established values in ethics, law and culture, the old-fashioned teachers deliberately set out to pass down these values as part of a living tradition. They held that it was all one cultural heritage—everything from Boyle's Law to Cicero's First Oration against Catiline—and the more of it you learned, the wiser and more mentally alert you would be.

Dewey and his disciples revolted against this certitude, which had indeed grown more than a little ossified in its teaching methods. But history records no more egregious case of throwing out the baby with the bath water. "We agree," Dewey once said, "that we are uncertain as to where we are going and where we want to go, and why we are doing what we do." In a kind of country-club existentialism, Dewey and his boys genially contended that the traditional ends of education, like God, virtue and the idea of "culture," were all highly debatable and hence not worth debating. In their place: enter life adjustment.

The Deweyites thus transformed conditioning techniques into ends in themselves. Teachers' colleges assumed the dignity of lamaseries. Teachers were denied the chance of learning more about their subjects, in favor of compulsory education courses in how to teach them.

Within the schools, discipline gave way to increasingly dubious forms of group persuasion. "With teen-agers," one high school principal said proudly, "there is nothing more powerful than the approval or disapproval of the group. When the majority conforms, the others will go along."

It would not easily occur to the modern educationists that such blind fostering of group pressure is a travesty of free democracy. Such criticism honestly puzzles them, as do suggestions that they might concentrate more on dry "learning" subjects, like mathematics and languages, to the exclusion of teen-age problems, beauty care, fly casting.

The poor performance of their students has proved the educationists wrong. U.S. high school students are plain

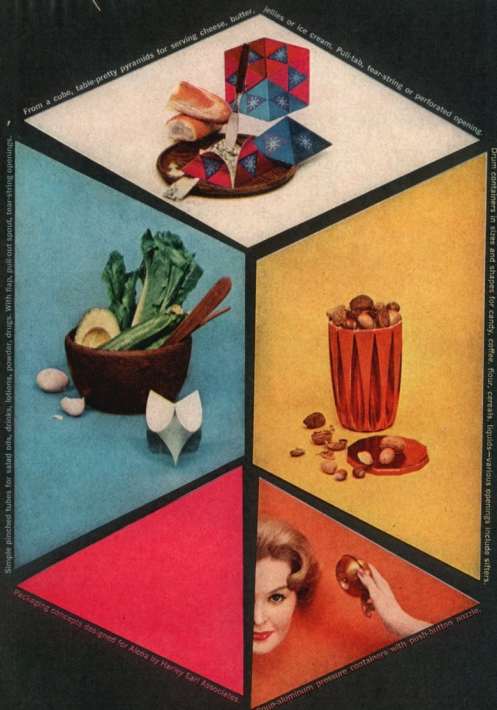
ignorant of things grammar school students would have known a generation ago. Years of barren discussion courses in English have made a whole generation chronically incoherent in the English language. Cut off from any but the most obvious contact with his tradition, e.g., an occasional project visit to the local courthouse, the student has lost his sense of history. Surely the history of the Crusades can give a young American a better grasp of the problems implicit in the U.N. or NATO than dressing up as a Pakistani delegate in an imitation U.N. Assembly at school.

With Dewey's world so demonstrably in tatters, one might think the educationists would run up the white flag. Far from it. Entrenched in public school administrations, they defend with the adhesiveness of a band of brothers every article of their gobbledygook canons. In Holland, Mich. the Christian High School, a respected institution of impeccable academic standards, has recently been denied accreditation by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools because it refused to dilute its academic standards with shop and cooking courses. A sample of the canons by which such schools are judged: "Is the control and atmosphere of the individual's rooms and classes based upon teacher authority or group self-control and group-defined standards? To what extent are opportunities provided for children to develop moral and spiritual values through the process of direct experience in working with each other . . . ?"

We cannot expect to cure such lopsided standards just by giving teachers the pay they deserve, building the schools we need, and ordering up more science courses. [But] a few important steps can be taken by state and local authorities. Most of our state teachers' colleges should be abolished as such and converted into liberal-arts colleges, with subordinate education departments. There must also be some drastic upgrading of curriculum requirements.

But most of all, we need to do some thinking about the true ends of education. The worthwhile innovations in method brought by Dewey's educationists should be kept. But their exclusive devotion to techniques and group adjustment should never again be allowed to hide the fact that American education exists first of all to educate the individual in a body of learning, with a tradition and purpose behind it.

Photographed by Ben Somoroff



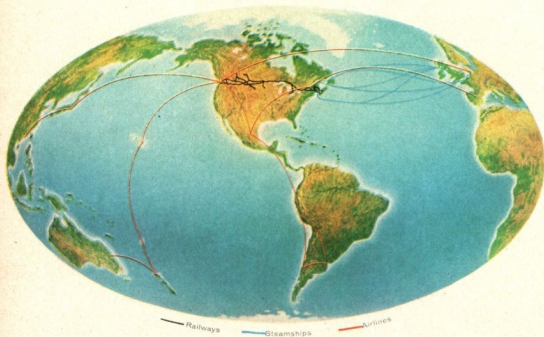
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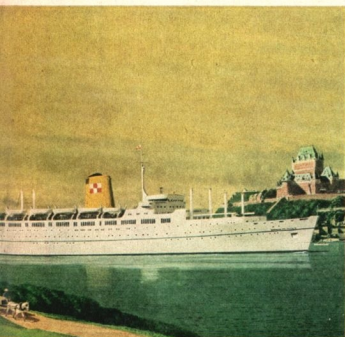
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MOORE'S "GALLANTRY"

Sy Friedman



BRITTEN'S "TURN OF THE SCREW"

Martin Harris

After a scamper through a haunted house, a romp in silken soap.

Of Ghosts & Soap

The problem in low-keyed contemporary opera is to convert the small change of daily life into glittering operatic gold. Some composers approach the challenge by advancing a closeup telecamera's eye on the commonplace; some retreat into fantasy or burlesque or the past. In two U.S. premières last week, composers faced with the question came up with strikingly different answers:

British Composer Benjamin Britten's *Turn of the Screw*, presented by the New York College of Music, is based on Novelist Henry James's famed chiller about a young English governess fresh from a "small, smothered life" who fights to save her young charges from the evil designs of a pair of real or imaginary phantoms. As in the original, the dramatic effect of the opera depends on the gradual accretion of minute detail, the slow tightening of terror. But Librettist Myfanwy Piper departs from James in one important respect: the phantoms clearly exist, and there is no longer the possibility, suggested in the story, that the governess is merely suffering from erotic fascinations. As a result, Britten's *Turn of the Screw* becomes a mere scamper through a haunted house, and it lacks the big moments of vocal melodrama that such a period thriller demands. To its 16 quickly flitting scenes, Britten has fitted a fluent, energetic score spiced with gaudy percussion and agitatedly brilliant orchestral effects. There are some gorgeous moments: the scene in the churchyard, where the rolling, Oriental sound of bells ominously underscores the children's hymn of praise; Miles's piano lesson, in which he replies to the governess' soaring, anguished questions in a series of nimble keyboard arabesques; the florid tenor solo, in which the phantom calls to Miles against graceful chords

MUSIC

and arpeggios. But the limited range of the voices (four sopranos, a boy treble, two tenors) becomes monotonous, and the rambling brilliance of the orchestration obscures the climax of James's tale. Too often Britten's *Screw* loses its thread.

Douglas Moore's *Gallantry: A Soap Opera*, produced at Columbia University's Brander Matthews Theater, is a tuneful romp through the world of the daytime TV serial. The libretto by Arnold Sundgaard picks up "another chapter in *Gallantry*, the true-time story of hope and folly," at the point where a married doctor is pursuing his beautiful nurse, who in turn is in love with one Donald Hopewell. The nurse discourages the doctor with a wallop ("Touche, Miss Markham; I deserved that"), and the etherized Donald is saved just as the doctor is about to put him under the knife. The curtain rings down as the principals alternate a love duet with commercials for Lochinvar ("the soap of silken supremacy") and Billy Boy Wax ("the waxy wax that spells relax"). The action unfolds to the accompaniment of some thunderous clichés: "You remind me of someone I knew long, long ago"; "Love is just the most important thing that can happen to a person"; "Beneath that smiling mask stands the soul of a beast." For this pastiche Composer Moore (*The Devil and Daniel Webster*, *Giants in the Earth*) wrote a score that is alternately jazzy and sugary, but that in itself every so often sounds embarrassingly "sincere." While the nurse administers the ether, she bends over her patient-lover and croons a melting lullaby ("Sleep, my love") that leaves the audience wondering whether composer and librettist have swallowed their own commercial.

The LP Decade

An indiscriminate listener with brass ears, plenty of time on his hands and a normal yen for sleep, could sit down before his hi-fi set and work through the whole literature of LP-recorded sound (as far as generally available in the U.S.) in roughly 3½ years. To keep him up to date, he would want a 204-page catalog published monthly by William Schwann of Boston. In the ten years since LPs started flooding the market, the *Schwann Long Playing Record Catalog* has become a fascinating indication of music consumption in the vinyl era. Last week, as his 100th catalog was being mailed out to 4,000 record shops in the U.S. and 37 foreign countries, Cataloger Schwann took a statistical look at the musical revolution that keeps him in business. Some of his assorted findings:

Q The first *Schwann Catalog* contained eleven record-company labels, 96 composers, 674 listings; the current issue contains 303 labels, 718 composers, 19,830 listings.

Q Only a fifth of the serious composers listed in the original catalog were contemporary; today nearly half are contemporary, a quarter of them American.

Q The largest numerical growth has come from reworkings of the middle classical range (1700 to 1900). Mozart (868 listings), Beethoven (865), Bach (650), Tchaikovsky (341) and Brahms (319) are the most over-recorded names in the book.

Q LPs become obsolete fast. A third of the recordings spawned in the early years of the vinyl decade are no longer on the market.

Q The *Schwann Catalog* grows at the rate of as many as 400 listings a month. If the growth keeps on accelerating, the brass-eared listener will soon have to give up his sleep to get to the bottom of the pile.

SCIENCE

Sophisticated Satellite

The Navy's test satellite, Vanguard I, may be small, but it is high and wondrously sophisticated, and it will probably stay in space many years longer than any of its earlier rivals. Its elliptical orbit varies between 404 miles and 2,466 miles above the earth. When it is ending its climb toward the high point (apogee), the satellite is moving slowest: only 12,000 m.p.h. Then it swoops down to the low point (perigee) and increases its speed to

face of the sphere is made of shiny aluminum covered with a thin coat of silicon monoxide. This material is transparent to visible light from the sun, which it permits the polished aluminum to reflect back into space. But it looks black to the long infra-red (heat) waves. Since black surfaces radiate well, it permits the satellite to get rid of its internal heat by radiation. The system seems to be working well. Both transmitters have reported that the temperature inside Vanguard I is staying at a reasonable level, certainly below the

sides temperature sensors, it will have an instrument to measure soft X rays from the sun. Other instruments will keep track of micrometeorites by measuring the erosion they cause, the slight noises they make when they hit the satellite, and the holes they make if they puncture parts of the skin. Another instrument, a solar cell, will stare into space, measuring as the satellite turns the amount of light that is falling upon it.

Take Off That Space Suit

Loose talk about space travel has gone pretty far; it may be a bit early to think of orbiting Air Force generals and rocket company executives circling the moon. To bring some sense to such flights of fancy, President Lee DuBridge of Caltech last week gave the Western Space Age Conference in Los Angeles a tranquilizing dose of anti-popycock.

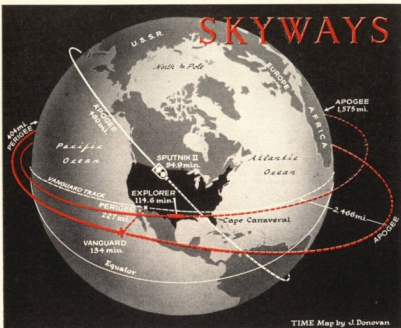
Physicist DuBridge is all for unmanned satellites to study the earth and nearby space, and perhaps to orbit the moon. "A scientist," he said, "cannot help but be excited by this prospect. It opens up wholly new areas of exploration. A whole book could be written about what the astronomers would like to do with a telescope above the atmosphere."

Is It Worth It? About satellites that carry human beings Dr. DuBridge is dubious. "For most scientific explorations in space," he said, "the presence of man involves quite unwarranted complications and expense not justified by what he can contribute to the success of the venture . . . Instruments are content to coast around in space unused and unattended for years, and to come back to earth, if at all, in a fiery cataclysm. But not a man. He wants to get back to earth not only unburnt but essentially unharmed. Now I assure you this is not easy, and we are a long way from having the faintest idea of how to do it in any practical way."

Easy or not, "human beings are going to insist, some day, on taking journeys out into space. The spirit of human adventure cannot be suppressed, no matter what it costs . . . But when we talk about landing a man on the moon or Mars or some other planet and then getting him off again and back home safely, we are talking about a new order of magnitude of difficulty and cost . . . Nothing impossible about it, you understand. It will just take a lot of money and a long time. Whether it is worth it or not depends on our concept of the values to be achieved."

What are these values? "Clearly, a man landing on the moon and coming back could bring back valuable scientific information, [but] most responsible scientists would feel that we could collect plenty of scientific data about the moon during the next few years by cheaper methods."

"What then about the military value of space travel? Satellites . . . will make fine reconnaissance vehicles . . . and will be good for weather observations . . . That, as far as I can see, is about the end of the story on the military value of earth satellites. You can't drop a bomb



TIME Map by J. Donovan

18,400 m.p.h. It makes a full trip around the ellipse, 34,100 miles, in 134 minutes.

Stable Orbit. Since Vanguard I never dips low enough to tangle with serious air resistance, it should stay in space for a very long time, certainly years. Instead of spiraling down slowly, like the Sputniks and Explorer I, it will stay on an almost stable orbit that will be only slightly disturbed by irregularities of the earth's gravitation.

Vanguard I might seem too small (diameter: 6.4 in.; weight: 3.25 lbs.) to carry much cargo, but an amazing amount of delicate apparatus was packed into it. Most novel items: its six solar batteries made of subtly treated silicon that look out through windows distributed over the sphere in such a way that at least one of them is always facing the sun. Each battery develops about 25 milliwatts of power when in sunlight, and feeds a miniature transmitter that broadcasts continuously on 108.03 megacycles. Another transmitter, powered by a mercury battery, broadcasts on 108 megacycles.

Besides being useful for tracking the tiny sphere by radio, the transmitters report the temperature inside it. The sur-

point where the germanium transistors in the electrical circuits will be damaged.

No Navy electronic experts want to predict officially how long the solar batteries will keep supplying power. One of them guesses unofficially that "our grandchildren may hear its signals." Eventually the windows in the skin of the sphere will be clouded by the sandblasting of micrometeorites. No one knows how long this will take, or how much it will affect the action of the batteries.

Fellow Travelers. Following the satellite through space is the empty third-stage rocket, which was separated from it by a clockwork device that released a weak spring and pushed the two bodies apart. Dr. John P. Hagen, head of Project Vanguard, says that satellite and rocket are still moving apart slowly. The rocket, which has an irregular shape, will be more strongly affected by such little air resistance as there is even at orbit's perigee and will therefore be the first to drop back into the atmosphere and vaporize. But this will not happen for a long time.

The next Vanguard satellite to be launched, a full-sized 21½-lb. sphere, will carry a much more elaborate cargo. Be-



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TIME, MARCH 31, 1958

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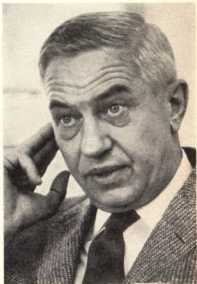
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from a satellite; it just won't drop, and to project a bomb to earth is about as difficult as getting our human being back to earth... It's no good getting it on the wrong side of the earth."

A 240,000-Mile Shot. "What about a military base on the moon? There have been some extraordinary statements made on this question in recent months. Here is a typical one: 'A base on the moon with elaborate equipment and highly trained men... would be an observation post surpassing anything military strategists have dreamed of in history.' I am not familiar with military strategists' dreams, but I do know that from the



Leonard McCombe—Life
Physicist DuBRIDGE
It's a long way to the moon.

moon only one side of the earth faces you at a time, and for a good fraction of each month that face will be in total darkness... and much of it will be covered by clouds anyway. And anyone who thinks he can see a man-made object from 240,000 miles away is a bit optimistic."

DuBridge cites "some military generals who ought to know better" as advocating launching weapons from the moon to the earth. "It is my firm opinion that this is utter nonsense. Why transport a hydrogen warhead, together with all men and equipment, 240,000 miles to the moon, just to shoot it 240,000 miles back to earth, when the target is only 5,000 miles away in the first place? If you did launch a bomb from the moon to a target on earth... the warhead would take five days to reach earth. The war might be over by then."

"Can we use the great new technologies of space travel for peaceful and scientific purpose? Or are we going to be led into wild programs of Buck Rogers stunts and insane pseudomilitary expeditions? The decision is going to be made soon, and it is high time that the best people in America... do some hard thinking about it."

Advertisement

Tomorrow's Scientists

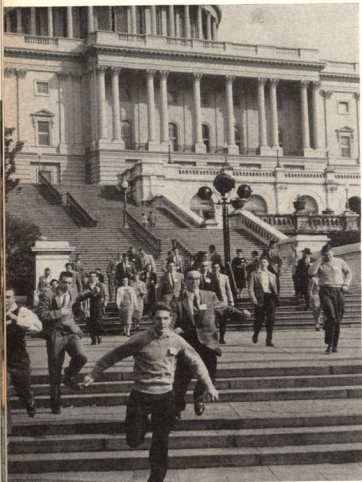
THIS 17-YEAR-OLD GIRL CALCULATED THE ORBIT OF SPUTNIK I. Vice President Richard M. Nixon congratulates Jane Shelby, of Teaneck High School, Teaneck, N. J. She won a \$5,000 scholarship . . . third prize in the Westinghouse Science Talent Search. In the upper foreground is one end of the Newtonian telescope she built; she ground the mirror by hand.



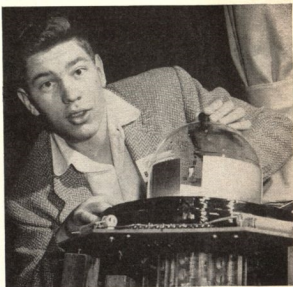
CONTINUED ➤

25,000 Gifted Boys and Girls Compete in

They build atom smashers and jet engines . . .



40 FINALISTS SPENT 5 DAYS IN WASHINGTON. 25,000 youths entered the Westinghouse Science Talent Search this year. Over a quarter million boys and girls have competed during the 17 years. \$210,000 in scholarships and awards has been given by the Westinghouse Educational Foundation and about \$4,500,000 in scholarships by others, as a direct result of the Science Talent Search examinations. The Search is conducted by Science Service's *Science Clubs of America*, under Watson Davis, its director.



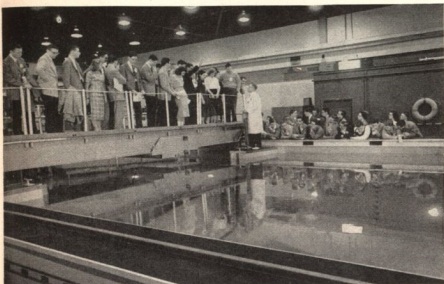
THIS BOY BUILT AN ATOM SMASHER IN HIS BASEMENT. Reinier Beeuwkes, III, won first prize—a \$7,500 scholarship. This is the electron cyclotron he built for \$150.00 (value: \$1,250.00). He also experiments with rocket fuels. *He and the second prize winner go to the same school . . . Newton High School, Newtonville, Mass.*



THIS WINNER BUILT A FLYING PLATFORM. Dushan Mitrovich, of Chestnut Hill, Mass. won second prize. He studied "flying platforms" and developed a theory to explain their instability in captive flight. Here he is discussing his model with Vice President Nixon.

Westinghouse's 17th Annual Science Talent Search

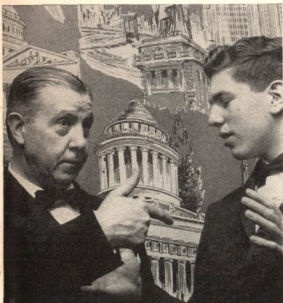
make rocket fuels and flying platforms



THEY LOOKED DOWN INTO THE HEART OF AN ATOMIC REACTOR AT WORK. On their tour of scientific Washington, the 40 finalists went to the Naval Research Laboratory where they saw something very few people have ever seen—the purple glow of a reactor at work. They also visited other laboratories, interviewed famous scientists, and were guests at lunches, dinners, and the awards banquet.



THIS GIRL TRACKS SATELLITES. Bernadette Londak, of Mercy High School, Chicago, demonstrated proof of Kepler's second law governing planetary orbits. With her is Dr. Chien Shiung Wu, associate professor of physics at Columbia.



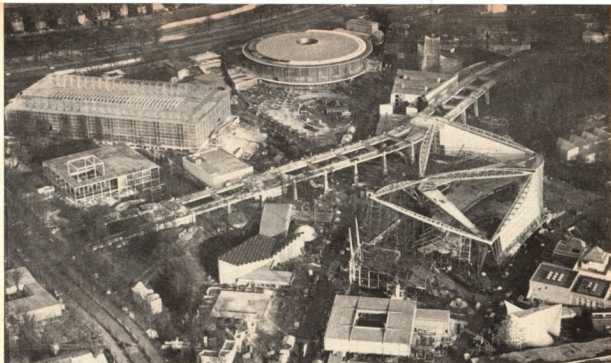
EISENHOWER'S TOP SCIENCE ADVISER MEETS WINNER. Here Dr. J. R. Killian, Jr., who was named special assistant to President Eisenhower on science, discusses with Reinier Beeuwkes the atom smasher which won first prize for him. More than 3,000 scientists, educators and Government officials visited the exhibit to see the finalists' projects.



THESE TEEN-AGE BOYS WORK WITH ROCKET FUELS AND JET ENGINES. Leslie E. Smith (left) of Vermilion, Ohio, High School, is assembling a Van de Graaff generator for the Science Talent exhibit. His "Search" project was the study of rocket fuels. With him (center) is Reinier Beeuwkes, first prize winner and (right) Donald M. Jerina, of Leyden Community High School, Franklin Park, Ill., who won fourth prize.

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S

Westinghouse



WORLD'S FAIR SCENE AT BRUSSELS; CIRCULAR U.S. PAVILION AT TOP
Flanked by Soviet "Refrigerator" (left) and French cantilevers (right): a contender for architectural honors.

ART

More Than Modern

(See Cover)

In a sea of mud at the northern edge of Brussels, workmen in wooden shoes this week are ripping wooden forms from concrete columns, troweling plaster into place, and punctuating the din of hammering and riveting with curses in half a dozen languages. Forty-four nations are striving to ready their pavilions for the Brussels World's Fair, which opens April 17. Behind the fair's grand display of hunting, chrome, cantilevers and parasol domes lies a deeply serious purpose. By next autumn, some 35 million visitors (all Brussels hotels are booked solid for three months after the fair opens) will file through the gates, judge and compare the nations by what they see before them.

Poised in the midst of the last-minute clutter and confusion stands the U.S. Pavilion, a soaring, airy, translucent drum, delicately resting on thin steel columns now getting their final golden lacquer (see color pages). Before it, workmen are completing the paving, preparing a 230-ft.-long reflecting pool to receive its fountains. Electricians are adjusting the lights that will shine on the 130 Belgian apple trees due to burst into bloom at about the day the fair opens. Nearly as vast as the width of Rome's ancient Colosseum, which inspired it, combining dignity, symmetry and an inviting holiday glitter, the pavilion is the finest showcase the U.S. has built abroad at a major world's fair. Spectacular in its daring engineering and inspired in its architecture, it is already recognized as the No. 1 U.S.

exhibit at Brussels, and a leading contender for world architectural honors.

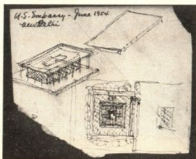
Up with Exuberance. One fine morning earlier this month a black Cadillac sloshed through the mud, slid to a stop before the U.S. Pavilion. Out got a heavy-built (205 lbs.), 6-ft.-tall U.S. architect, his grey Homburg awry. Oblivious to the gathering circle of workmen, he stood transfixed before the building that seemed to float in the bright sunshine, softly murmured, "Wow!" Then, as his genial, basset-hound features broke into a delighted grin, he exclaimed: "God, isn't that the most beautiful damned thing you've ever seen in your whole life?"

He was U.S. Architect Edward Durrell Stone, 56, and for the first time he was seeing, nearly completed, the building he had created. One of the profession's freest spirits and by general consensus the most

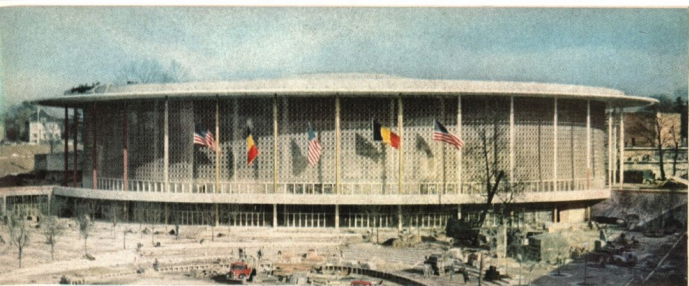
versatile designer and draftsman of his generation, Ed Stone was a pioneer modernist. He early set his mark on such buildings as Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, became one of the deftest interpreters of the International Style initiated by France's Le Corbusier and Germany's Bauhaus school. In recent years he revolted against the monotony of cityscapes composed of acres of glass façades, chrome and exposed steel. Instead, Architect Stone turned to his own great love of classic monuments and deep love of beauty. "In my own case," he says, "I feel the need for richness, exuberance, and pure, unadulterated freshness."

Willows in the Amphitheatre. It was the note of exuberance and freshness in Stone's latest work that convinced the American Institute of Architects committee, charged with finding an architect for the U.S. State Department, that Stone was the man to design the Brussels pavilion. When he first visited the site two years ago, it was little more than a grassy, willow-studded park, staked out in a triangular plot, between the areas reserved for Vatican City and the U.S.S.R. Characteristically, he began sketching his design on the spot, seized on the site's natural amphitheater contours as the setting for a lofty, circular building. Leaving eleven giant willows in place, he resolved to build the pavilion over them, and include a wide interior balcony to give added area for exhibitions. He also decided to snuggle a circular, 1,150-seat auditorium half underground in the shoulder rise of the hill.

"To frame and enclose such a huge

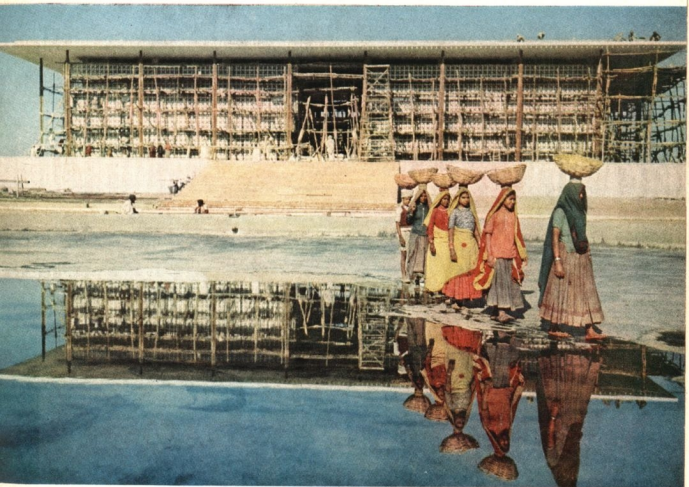


FIRST SKETCH FOR INDIA BUILDING
On a coffee-stained Manila envelope.



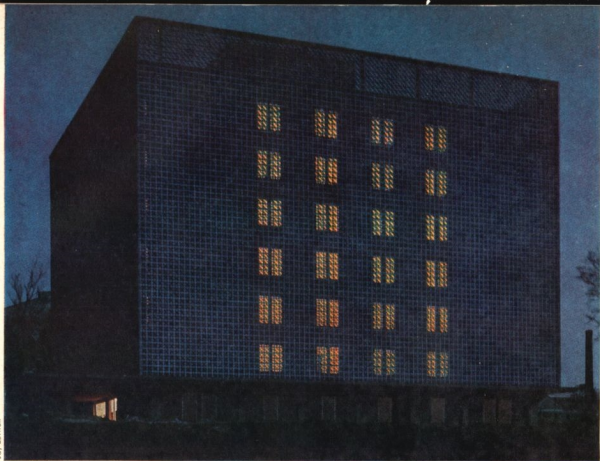
Eric School

U.S. PAVILION for International Exhibition at Brussels was designed by Edward D. Stone as huge drum with translucent walls and roof. Plaza being completed in foreground will have reflecting pool and 130 flowering apple trees.



Horace Bristol

U.S. CHANCELLERY at New Delhi is being built by hand from a bamboo scaffolding. Designed as salute to Indian culture and U.S. prestige, it will have 50 gold-leafed columns, inner garden under gold-mesh roof, grille façade.

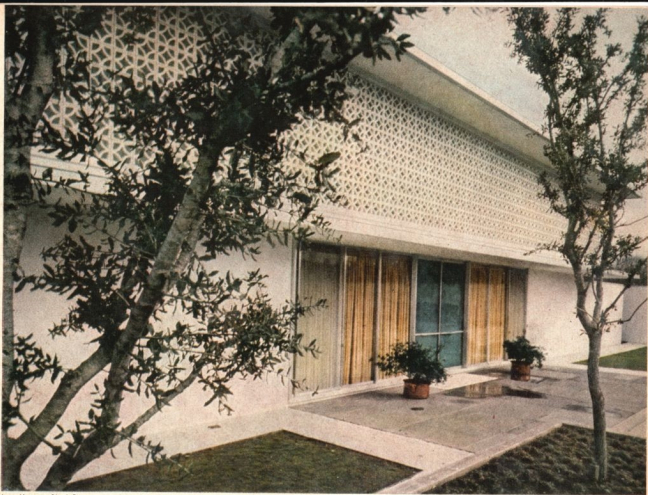


DORMITORY for University of South Carolina, first of six to be completed, is seven-story square veiled by grille that keeps sun from windows, reduces air-conditioning load by one-third,

yet costs no more per square foot than Venetian blinds. Behind grille each room has 4-ft.-deep balcony. Loggia (lower left) leads to garden, common room and adjacent dormitory.

Nolan Patterson—Black Star





Ivan Mossar—Black Star

DALLAS RESIDENCE for Bruno and Josephine Graf hides Pompeian splendor behind exterior grille-work wall and glass entrance (above).

Interior has marble floors, island dining room (below). Living room is separated from indoor swimming pool by dividing screen seen at rear.



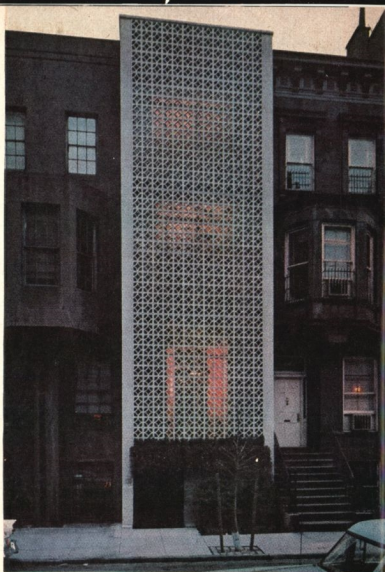
Ivan Mossar—Black Star

FACTORY in Pasadena, Calif. gains richness through use of gold-lacquered columns, reflecting moat and fountains. Plant produces vitamins for Stuart Co.



TOWN HOUSE in Manhattan, remodeled for own use by Stone, has marble floor, gold-mesh, Renaissance chairs. Oils are by Afro, mobile by Calder.

GRILLE FAÇADE of town house, on East 64th Street, is made in patented Solar-Stone pattern developed for New Delhi embassy. Fifteen-foot-wide front stands in startling contrast to brownstone neighbors.



Photographs by Richard Carver Wood



LIBRARY of Stone's house has transparent roof repeating pattern of façade. Pre-Inca pots on wall are souvenirs of Peru. Stones bought painting by Capraro (left) and Afro (right) on Rome visit.

space is an opportunity that doesn't come often to an architect," says Ed Stone. "Neither does the problem of spanning 350 feet. Why, you could put the University of Arkansas' football field in here and still have room." In the cloth velarium used by Roman emperors to cover the Colosseum, Stone found his solution to roofing the largest free-span circular building ever erected. He devised a bicycle-wheel system of cables, each under 110 tons' tension, to hold up the pavilion's 68,400 sq. ft. plastic outer roof.

To add glitter to the interior, Stone hung a mesh of thousands of sparkling, gold-anodized aluminum disks from the lower spokes of the roof. The hub, a tension ring 63 ft. across and weighing 25 tons, is dramatically suspended in mid-air and open to the sky above the central pool. To give the structure the maximum look of lightness, a trellis of light steel straps was used to hold the 42-ft-high plastic walls rigid against the wind. Says Stone: "I'm not given to flexing my structural muscles publicly. But you can't say this building doesn't shout with steel. Why, you can almost hear those cables, and you can see every damned member."

Under the Wire. Good luck marked the U.S. Pavilion from the start. The World's Fair U.S. Commissioner-General Howard S. Cullman credits Stone's early planning, even before a final budget figure was available, with giving the U.S. the fast start that "was the difference between make or break." Belgium's top contractor, Emile Blaton, made the project his particular baby. As a result, the U.S. Pavilion, one of the last to get started in Brussels, is among the first to be completed. Even more remarkable is the fact that Architect Stone stayed within 1% of the State Department's original \$5,000,000 building budget.

The exhibits for display within the gigantic Stone showcase have already raised the cry of scandal from art critics who object to showing American primitives and North American Indian art plus younger U.S. painters to art-sophisticated Europeans. But U.S. fair officials are hoping that a mixture of candor, humor, friendliness and a generous display of such technological gadgetry as closed-circuit TV, a quiz-master IBM machine, and fashion shows, will win friends for the U.S. To do this the U.S. will have to work out some way to stay within the already strained overall budget—less than a fourth of the estimated \$50-\$60 million the Soviets are spending to impress the world at the fair. Where architecture is concerned, Stone's pavilion has given the U.S. a commanding lead over the Soviet's frosted-glass monolithic rectangle, which Belgians are already referring to as "The Refrigerator."

Birdhouse for Bluebirds. The man who created this U.S. showcase was born and reared in the Arkansas university town of Fayetteville (pop. 18,069). First member of the Stone family to go to Arkansas was Ed Stone's grandfather, taciturn Stephen K. Stone, who managed to amass

such a fortune in real estate and merchandise that he was known as "the Richest Man in Washington County." His sons, including Ed's father, Benjamin Hicks Stone, were raised in Southern comfort, so well off none of them troubled to work very hard.

It was Ed's mother, an English teacher at the University of Arkansas, who was the dominant artistic force in his family. She encouraged Ed in his talent for drawing, gave him an upstairs bedroom for his carpenter shop. There, as a boy of 14, Stone designed the structure that won his first architectural contest—a birdhouse for a contest sponsored by the local lumberyard, Budding Architect Stone's entry and first-prize (\$2.50) winner: "A modest shelter for bluebirds, covered with sassafras branches."

Birdhouse Builder Stone was no go-getting boy. A slow, sweet talker, he loved to hang around all day at the soda fountain. After his mother's death, in 1920 he ambled onto the University of Arkansas, where he was immensely popular and immensely relaxed. "I guess all the boys were lazy," recalls a college chum, "but Ed was more than ordinary lazy." Arkansas' U.S. Senator James William Fulbright, then a lowerclassman and later president of the university, gives Ed full marks as a storyteller and cartoonist. Beyond that, Stone seemed content to remain a lady's man (despite his baggy-kneed appearance) and to join the boys in downing mountain dew. Finally the spinster head of the art department took alarm, wrote to Ed's brother Hicks, an architect in Boston and 14 years Ed's senior: "This boy has divine talent. If you don't take him away from here and put him in school, it's a crime, and you're a wicked man!"

In Boston, Ed Stone opened his Arkansas eyes wide. "Buildings like the Boston Public Library and Trinity Church, well, they made quite a dent in a kid from the Ozarks," he says. There were bigger dents on a trip to Manhattan and Washington, D.C. on the way home. Hicks led

Ed blindfolded to the middle of Brooklyn Bridge, then gave him his first view of the New York skyline. Recalls Ed, "It was fabulous!" Later, he stood spellbound in the patio of Washington's Pan American Building, with its tropical courts, colored tiles and exotic macaws. "I decided that if architecture can be like this, then this is what I would really like to do," he says. "By the time I got back to Fayetteville, that hotbed of tranquility, the die was cast."

Retaining the Sag. Leaving Arkansas for Boston without a degree, Stone threw himself into architecture with a drive and enthusiasm that would have rocked his old Fayetteville neighbors right off their chairs. He took a \$10-a-week job as office boy in the office of dour Scots Architect Alexander Law, signed up for night courses at Boston's Architectural Club, was soon staying up all night to work through his problems, began winning first prizes.

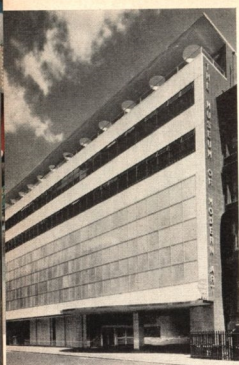
Within a year Stone was working in Boston's top office, under Architect Henry Shepley, who recalls that "Stone from his earliest days had an extraordinary talent for turning a very commonplace design into a thing of beauty." One of Stone's first chores was to renovate Harvard's historic Massachusetts Hall, retaining the sag in the roof at Shepley's request, "so we wouldn't spoil the architecture." A year later, Stone was in Harvard's architectural Club, the winner of a scholarship for gifted students.

Soul & Spirits. "It meant more than the professor to have Stone around," says Manhattan Architect Walter Kilham Jr. "He contributed to everyone. He was the soul of the school." He also accounted for much of its spirits, gave such blockbusting parties on Prohibition bathtub gin that his fellow students began to say, "Ed Stone can draw anything except a sober breath." When Stone had completed two years of design courses in a single year, and found that he would have to concentrate next on engineering, he threw his slide rule on the drafting-room floor (the

BEHIND THE GRILLE: ED & MARIA STONE AT HOME, WITH SON HICKS



Richard C. Wood



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (1939)

architect who picked it up still treasures it) and announced that he was going off to M.I.T. to study with Prix de Rome Winner Jacques Carlu.

Stone has never regretted the hours he spent copying details from D'Espouy's *Fragments de l'Architecture Antique*. "Those great monuments of the past were an inspiration, not to copy, but to enrich your vocabulary. The Pompeian house and the romance of the classical—why, I harkened to them even now."

At the end of his first year at M.I.T., Stone walked off with Massachusetts' top architectural award, the Rotch Traveling Scholarship, and was off to Europe for two years of touring and sketching the architectural masterpieces. When he stepped off the *Berengaria* back in New York in November 1929, he was 1) flat broke, and 2) convinced that the modern style he had seen abroad would sweep the U.S.: "It was an exciting time. People were jumping out of windows in New York, and the new Waldorf-Astoria was going up."

Stone landed on his feet, with a \$100-a-week job designing interiors for the new Waldorf, including the romantic trellised ceiling of the Starlight Roof. Within two years he had moved over to the new Rockefeller Center, where in the presence of "the prophets," Architects Raymond Hood and Harvey Corbett of the Rockefeller Center team that included fast-rising young architect Wallace Harrison, Stone was put in charge of the working designs for Radio City Music Hall, then as now the world's largest movie palace (6,200 seats).

Head of the Class. From that time on, Ed Stone was recognized as the young designer who had come closest to mastering the modern vocabulary. Stone needed all his talent just to survive the long winter of architecture during the Depression. One after another, Stone's contemporaries closed shop. Those who survived often rushed from office to office to hover over a friend's drafting boards, giving prospective clients the impression of an office packed with busy draftsmen.

Stone himself turned out advertising layouts and designed lighting fixtures. In the Richard H. Mandel house at Mt. Kisco, N.Y., he produced in 1935 the first modern house in the International Style (as contrasted with Frank Lloyd Wright's indigenous style) to be designed by a U.S.-born architect. In the bachelor's retreat he built for A. Conger Goodyear at Old Westbury, on Long Island, he deftly applied modern principles to an intimate, luxurious small house. His collection of medals and awards grew through the years. Two Architectural League Gold Medal winners are now rated as architectural landmarks:

■ **Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art**, designed in 1937-38 (completed in 1939) with the late Philip L. Goodwin, one of the earliest U.S. buildings constructed in the International Style. Conceived as a luminous rectangle, incorporating vast, flexible loft space for exhibitions, and an inviting, open ground floor, it is fronted by a wall of insulated glass to give the interior an alabaster glow. Stone calls it "a simple, vivid, workable building."

■ **El Panama Hotel**, which Stone designed in 1946 (it was completed in 1951) after a three-year hitch as a captain and major in the U.S. Army Air Forces in charge of designing air-base facilities. Faced with the commission for a hotel in the tropics, Stone chose the hilltop site two miles northeast of Panama City, decided to let the rooms air-condition themselves by making each one an open breeze-way with its own cantilevered balcony. When Stone told Frank Lloyd Wright he was building a hotel without corridors, without windows and without doors, the shrewd old man opined: "Ed, sounds like you've got something there." Wright was right. El Panama (now the El Panama Hilton) has set a style for resort hotels from Hawaii to Istanbul.

The Tie That Breaks. Despite his considerable professional success, these were difficult years for Ed Stone. His marriage to Orlean Vandiver of Montgomery, Ala., whom he had met in Venice during his student days, was drifting onto the rocks. Increasingly, Stone's life centered over his drafting board. With his fellow architects he would rehash architectural problems over martini-laced lunches that often rolled until dinner, sometimes ended only when mid-Manhattan restaurants closed. Everyone who knew Ed Stone in that era agrees that he would have drawn far more in commissions if he had drawn more sober breath.

"Money really had no meaning for Ed,"

says Orlean. "Talent was his greatest motivating force. He said himself that he was first married to architecture, and that was very true." In 1949 she moved out, taking with her their two sons, Edward Jr., now studying landscape architecture at Harvard's School of Architecture, and Robert Vandiver, now a student at Yale.

"The Tidy Siren." Main driving force behind Edward D. Stone's new era of success, he firmly avows, is his second marriage to a fiery, possessive and vivacious Latin beauty Stone calls "the tidy siren." It was on a plane to Paris that Stone first met Maria Elena Torch, of Cleveland, a flashing brunette of mixed Italian and Spanish parentage who had come to New York, was then working as foreign editor on the short-lived quarterly, *Fashion & Travel*.

As Maria, now 31, remembers the meeting, "I noticed him because there was some woman seeing him off, and a man seeing me off, and we were both kissing goodbye. When the plane took off, I took a long look at this man in a baggy tweed suit, unshaven, a mess. He looked like some professor. But when we started to talk, I realized he was the most intelligent man I had ever met. By the time we were over London and the dawn was coming up, he proposed to me. It was romantic and wonderful."

Squiring Maria around Paris morning, noon and evening, Stone kept on proposing. On the tenth day she accepted, only to put in eleven months until Stone's divorce from Orlean came through. Since then Maria has traveled with Stone around the world, twice to South America, 33 times across the U.S. and 19 times across the Atlantic, laying out his clothes, pinning the right tie to the right suit, replacing his lost belts. "He's a genius," she says. "He'd go to his office in his bedroom

STYLE-SETTER FOR THE TROPICS:



Ralph Crane—LIFE

slippers if someone didn't watch out for him. But he'll be the greatest architect in the world. If he lives to be the age of Frank Lloyd Wright, he'll be in a class with Sir Christopher Wren."

If he reaches that class, Ed Stone will have an explanation. "I was like Rip Van Winkle, asleep in the hills, until I came down and Maria brought me back to life," he exclaims. "I think the work I have done in the last five years—which I consider to be the most significant architecture I have done—can be directly attributed to my happy marriage. I was on a creative plateau for several years preceding my marriage." One mark of Stone's affection: in 1954 he threw away the martini pitcher that had dogged him since college days, has sat firmly on the wagon ever since.

Effective Elixir. Maria's elixir had an instantaneous effect. They were married on June 24, 1954 in Beirut, while Stone was putting the finishing touches on his design for the \$5,000,000 Hotel Phoenicia. Three days later, Stone lounged in his bathrobe on a balcony of the St. George Hotel, took a long look at the blue Mediterranean and the snow-capped mountains of Lebanon, and began his first sketch for the U.S. New Delhi embassy, a commission he had received from the U.S. State Department three months before. The sketch (see cut), done quickly on the corner of a coffee-stained Manila envelope which Maria snatched from the wastebasket afterward, may well prove to be a historic architectural document, for by almost universal acclaim, Stone's New Delhi embassy is one of the key architectural achievements of the decade. What Stone has managed to do in a single building is to reintroduce into modern architecture the quality of monumentality and stateliness that functional, stripped-down



STANFORD GRILLE FACING FOUNTAINS & PLAZA (COMPLETION, 1959)

modern has long lacked. Stone's inspiration was the great temple forms of Greece and Rome, set on a podium, which in the New Delhi case also serves to shelter cars from the blistering India sun.

At the same time, Stone found in the arabesque grilles, used from the windows of Spain's Alhambra to the walls of Hindu temples, a device both ornamental and effective in filtering the sun's rays, which in New Delhi send temperatures up to 120°. By wrapping the grille around the building, Stone achieved not only a massive, highly textured façade, but also successfully reintroduced on a grand scale the element of decoration that has been one of modern architecture's taboos.

"Taj Maria." The reaction to Stone's design for New Delhi was a rousing cheer that rolled the full range of the architectural profession, from Mies van der Rohe purists to Frank Lloyd Wright ("The only embassy that does credit to the United States"), said one U.S. architect, just back from India: "The effect is of the Parthenon, with the pierced marble screen of Delhi's Red Fort and the white of the Taj Mahal. In the sun it's going to tell a terrific story." Cracked Frank Lloyd Wright: "Why not call it Taj Maria?"

Ed Stone has made such massive use of the arabesque grille façade that it has become his trademark. Says he: "I guess, subconsciously, I have been working up to this for a long time. You can see it in the walls as far back as the Goodyear house. El Panama Hotel is full of grilles and screens. I have come to the belief that the device of the grille is warranted in most parts of the U.S. I think it serves not only to satisfy a wistful yearning on the part of everyone for pattern, warmth and interest, but also serves the desperately utilitarian purpose of keeping the sun off glass and giving privacy."

Stone's first opportunity to try out his theory in the U.S. came when he got the commission to draw the plans for the \$10 million Palo Alto-Stanford Hospital and Stanford Medical Center. From his experience in designing the just completed \$20

million Social Security Hospital for Employees (one of the world's largest) in Lima, Peru and his University of Arkansas Medical Center (which won an American Institute of Architects Honor Award in 1952), Stone knew a hospital is "the toughest problem in architecture. It's as if every room were either a kitchen, a bath, or a boiler room. It is not something you can design by remote control." Stone moved his main office to Palo Alto, taking Maria along. Two weeks later, as Stone puts it, their first-born, Benjamin Hicks III, joined them.

Pills & Palace. Once on the site, Stone decided to take his architectural rhythm from Stanford University's low, Romanesque quadrangle. He laid out the medical complex in a low, three-story group within a 56-acre site, introduced inner landscaped courts, included sumptuous water gardens and fountains (see cut). To face the buildings, Stone designed a rough-surfaced grille of 3-ft., 8-in. units, carried it behind a 300-ft.-long colonnade. Stone hopes the result, scheduled for completion in September 1959, will rival the beauty of Europe's great squares, and at the same time relate the buildings to the landscaped California campus.

In short order, Stone found himself flooded with clients eager to try his new romantic modern architecture. In the Stuart Co. building in Pasadena, Calif. (TIME, Jan. 20), Stone tried his grille as a solution to Southern California's climate, turned out a pill factory with such Tiffany & Co. glitter that one leading California architect said: "This building records all the gains of modern architecture and yet remains a romantic building." In a dormitory for the University of South Carolina, Stone, along with Architect Thomas Harmon, used the grille as a façade sheathing a monolithic block with housing for 250 students. Economically a success (bids on the building came in so far below estimate that the university doubled its order), the four-sided grille had an overpowering monotony, a fact Stone now acknowledges. He plans to remedy the top of the building, particularly

WINDOWLESS PANAMA HOTEL (1951)



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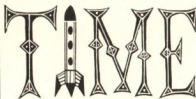
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the screen above the roof. No such reservations cloud Stone's opinion of the house designed on ancient classical lines around a central court, or atrium, which he completed this month (with Interior Designer T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings) for Bruno and Josephine Graf in Dallas, Texas.

"Look, I'm Raving." Stone has also applied his trademark to his own house. Designed in a single afternoon and built as planned, it is currently the most discussed house in Manhattan. Spotted outside the house one day, Frank Lloyd Wright was asked, "Is this a pupil of yours?" and replied, "Not a pupil but a pal." Then Wright marched up and rang Stone's front doorbell. "I was scared to death," Stone confesses, "but Mr. Wright was wonderful." Eying the house with a connoisseur's discrimination, Wright said: "You know, Ed, we'll have to trade details." Then, in an astonished voice, he added: "Listen to me, I'm raving. And they say that old crank never has a kind word to say about anything. But I'm raving."

Two blocks away from his new house, Ed Stone has set up his office, one of several he has maintained over the years in the East 60s. "There may not be a motto outside the door," says Stone, "but we turn out architects as well as architecture." Other architects agree, point out that Stone has long captured young architects' imaginations, from his years of lecturing (at Yale, Princeton, New York University, Cornell and the University of Arkansas) has been able to pick top young graduates attracted by his informality and insistence that "architecture is an art."

Outside Stone's office, opinion is sharply divided on his direct challenge to the glass façade. The principal question: Will the grille become a cliché and a cover for bad architecture? Says Manhattan Architect Philip Johnson: "The New Delhi embassy? How could I help but love it? It's a jewel! But architecture is more than putting up drapes in front of a house to hide it." Architect Eero Saarinen (TIME Cover, July 2, 1956) feels that the New Delhi embassy "marks a new turning point toward stateliness and dignity," but also thinks that "the best thing that could happen to Ed Stone is for his friends to take him down on the floor and wrestle his grilles away from him."

Bell for Beauty. Stone fires right back at his critics' glass façades: "Let's face it. Large glass areas create serious problems. Interiors are hard to heat in winter and to cool in summer. The problem of glare is continuous. A glass house is lovely if you own the view. But hell, otherwise you're all displayed to your neighbors in your pajamas. The grille is a basic architectural principle, as sound an idea as two steel columns with glass between them."

Can the grille play a role in veiling unsightly pockmarks of urban blight which for economic reasons must stand? Stone is excited by the fact that two major U.S. cities are considering it. But his main hope is that he has touched off a new movement. "What we need is to put pure beauty into our buildings," he says fervently. "Let's strike the bell for beauty."



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SPORT

Family Affair

Never in its noisy, car-killing history had Florida's International Twelve-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance killed off so many major entries so fast. Britain's class-conscious Jaguars died early. The green Aston-Martins took a little longer to come apart, but when Britain's Stirling Moss brought his to the pits with its gear box shot, the Aston-Martins were out of the running. The race was only half over when it belonged to the black stallions rearing from the emblem on the red, low-slung noses of Italy's Ferraris. Ferrari Driver Peter Collins, 27, took time out for a mid-race rest and chirped happily: "Mission accomplished. We went like hell for a while to make them burn up if they were going to, and it worked."

No one knew better than Britain's blue-eyed Pete Collins himself how much help he had in the strategy of attrition. And most of it came from the course itself—the wicked 5.2-mile grind over the taxiways and runways of Sebring's seldom used airport. One circuit on the unbanked hairpin turns and short straightaways calls for 21 gear shifts; the driver who finishes the twelve-hour test pumps his clutch at least 4,300 times. Tires get cooked on the baking concrete. Brakes take the worst beating of all.

Traffic Problem. The terrifying traffic problem alone would have sent a big-city Sunday driver screaming for the nearest parking lot. Snarling little (747 cc.) Abarth-Fiat's fought for the right of way with the chesty Class "D" (up to three liters) giants—the Ferraris, Jags and Aston-Martins. In the swirling confusion, a Ferrari rode right up the rear end of a Jaguar, and both cars spun off the track. A little Stanguellini somersaulted off course and somehow landed right side up. The only serious accident saw General Motors Executive Chester Flynn spin his Ferrari out of an S-turn, tear through a barbed-wire fence and flip over twice. He

was taken to a St. Petersburg hospital with a concussion, badly lacerated eye and assorted broken bones.

A veteran of eleven years of racing, Collins and his Ferrari-driving teammates had much more to worry about than wearing out Stirling Moss and the Aston-Martins. The big trick was to keep the Ferraris percolating. Last year the cars' drum brakes wore out early. Now they were back with the same type, and many an expert expected that they could not last as long as the quick-change disk brakes on the Aston-Martins and the Jags. Lead-footed Peter Collins usually figures to "go like hell and the car be damned," but this time he followed orders to be careful.

Cozy & Prudent. By the time the cars droned into darkness and the prissy little blat-blat-blatting of small-car exhausts sounded more prominent as their big brothers collapsed, the Ferrari brakes were shot. Burned-out linings dropped off in frightening ashy hunks. But they had lasted just long enough. The Ferraris rolled easily to a finish that was strictly a family affair. Collins and his co-driver, California's Phil Hill, coasted home first. Another factory-entered Ferrari was an easy second. In third place came a perky little Porsche Spyder (1,587 cc.) that had played it cozy all through the race, lying back waiting for the runner runners to falter. Index of Performance prize, for the car that came closest to the theoretical limit of its performance, went to a tiny (748 cc.) OSCA driven by a prudent couple from West Palm Beach named Alejandro and Isabelle de Tomaso.

Southpaw Skeeter

The sharp eyes of some of the best marksmen in the country watched hopefully for the least sign of score-spoiling tension. But Alabama's loose-jointed Miner Cliett, a 14-year-old eighth grader, stepped to the mark in the Royal Palm Open Skeet Championship at West Palm



Barbara Dodge

MARKSMAN CLIETT

Horned owls and dropped muskrats.

Beach last week as casually as any less gifted youngster getting ready to plink tin cans off a roadside fence. His gun swung on target with military precision; the clay birds came apart regularly like puffs of smoke. Miner shot 97 out of a possible 100 to become AA 12-gauge champion. With his 20-gauge gun he made a perfect score of 25 birds twice in a row. Overall, against senior shooters from ten states, Venezuela and Canada, the cool youngster scored 278, only three birds behind Champion Jack Gellatly of Palm Beach.

His unusual lefthanded shooting style has already earned Miner half a dozen cabinets full of trophies—more than the sleepy-eyed youngster has ever bothered to count. Last summer in Reno, shooting against state champions from all over the country, he became the first junior ever to be named U.S. Champion of Champions. A junior All-American three years running, he holds a long-run registered target score of 634 without a miss. Miner makes it all seem so easy that scornful hunters have been heard to sneer: "It's as mechanical as playing a jukebox for most of the skeet boys. Put 'em on duck and quail and they get lost fast."

Fair Game. Miner Cliett puts a neat hole into that argument. For him the best shooting has always been for the birds. He proved himself a hunter with his first air rifle when he was only five years old. Recalls his father, Henry Cliett, a well-to-do landowner in Childersburg, 30 miles southeast of Birmingham: "He was over at a neighbor's house one day, and to get rid of Miner she told him to go out in the backyard and kill her some chickens with the air rifle. I guess she didn't think he'd hit 'em. When she went out, he'd already killed three of them."

Miner has been hunting ever since, now owns "eight or ten" shotguns, several



United Press

COLLINS' FERRARI (14) LEADING AT SEBRING
Swallowed valves and blown cylinders.

rifles and two bird dogs. He studies hard enough to get all As and Bs at the Childersburg school, and he plays the saxophone in the school band, but most of his time is spent out of doors, ranging the rolling, pine-lush hills. He makes his own bird calls, dresses himself in a war-surplus camouflage outfit ("The birds come right up to you") and goes after anything that is fair game. On vacation trips to Florida he straps on a pair of aluminum leggings against rattlers, wades into the swamps and goes right on hunting. Off season he keeps in practice by potting crows, estimates that he and a friend shot 1,000 of them last year.

Nothing to It. A hefty (5 ft. 9 in., 170 lbs.), tireless youngster, Miner seldom fails to bag the legal limit. He has long been able to hold his own with the yarn spinners who hang out in his daddy's hardware store on Main Street, swapping stories of muskrats dropped without wasted shots, horned owls or quail or wild turkeys shot on the wing. He was just eleven when one of the local sharpshooters took him to a gun club and taught him that for a real hunter, clay saucers are a cinch.

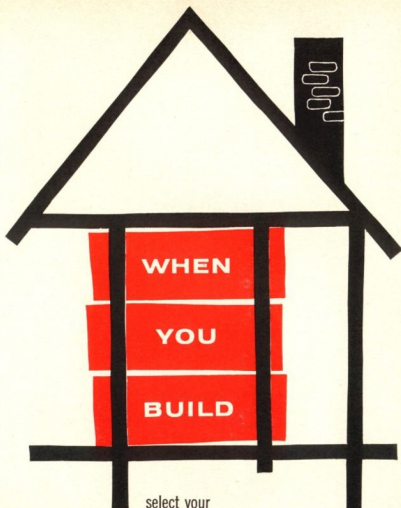
So just for the heck of it, Southpaw Miner put in a little practice and became an expert. "There's nothing to it," he said last week. "Never shut one eye. Put your left foot forward, get your gun up and pull the trigger when you're on the bird." Frustrated adults who have never found skeet shooting quite that simple keep trying to talk Miner into giving them lessons. But most of the time the boy will not be bothered. Competition takes too much of his time already, and the shooting he prefers is strictly for the birds.

Scoreboard

¶ The season's climactic basketball game was played in Louisville, Governor A. B. ("Happy") Chandler was whooping in the stands, and after Seattle's All-American Elgin Baylor had hobbled himself with four fouls, nothing could stop Kentucky from winning the N.C.A.A. basketball championship, 84-72. Said Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp in the fanciest dribble of the tournament: "We're tickled to death tonight that The Master that points the finger of destiny pointed it at us."

¶ In the finals of basketball's National Invitation Tournament at Madison Square Garden, redheaded Sharpshooter Hank Stein sank six quick points in the overtime period, to lead the erratic Xavier University Musketeers (regular season record: 15 wins, 11 losses) to an upset victory over top-seeded Dayton University, 78-74.

¶ Colling like a spring, the University of Southern California's Rink Babka, 21, spun out of his crouch and watched his discus sail beyond the marking area and plop into a ditch 201 ft. away. Goggle-eyed officials at the meet in Victorville, Calif., decided to credit the burly (6 ft. 5 in., 245 lbs.) senior with a toss of only 198 ft. 10 in. But that was still enough to smash the 1953 world record of Minnesota's Fortune Gordien by 4 ft. 4 in.



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"Hollywood at last has made a motion picture about a newspaper and newspapermen that is thoroughly authentic and technically perfect from the newspaperman's point of view." Thus wrote Norton Mockridge, city editor of the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* last week in a full-page ad for *Teacher's Pet* in the trade journal *Editor & Publisher*. A technical adviser for the movie, who also plays a bit part (but got no billing at all in the ad): Norton Mockridge, city editor of the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*.

Bums' Rush

The pampered paladins of the newspaper business are the sportswriters who free-load Florida sun and Kentucky dew while their less glamorous associates are slaving back home over typewriters and copy desk rim. Thus it was with a small apologetic note about their "pretty good life" that the New York *Herald Tribune's* Red Smith reported a wave of indignation among his colleagues last week. New York sportswriters, wrote Smith in his syndicated column, are getting the Bums' rush from their longtime friends and hosts, the Los Angeles Dodgers, last year the Dodgers of Brooklyn.

"The deteriorating press relations of the Dodgers," said Red Smith, "have been the liveliest topic of conversation in the training camps this spring. To put it simply, at least some of the Dodger executive family are assiduously courting the California press, a wise policy, and wish the New York writers would get lost, which is stupid. They feel they no longer need the New York press, and have gone out of their way to make this clear."

One clear sign of the new order, Columnist Smith noted at the Dodgers' camp at Vero Beach, Fla., was "the impounding" by club officials of Manhattan newspapers that carried stories critical of the Dodgers, "lest the Los Angeles contingent be contaminated." Other "small reprisals": the Dodgers' announcement that their plane would take only California sportswriters to citrus-circuit exhibition games; the "eviction" of New York newsmen from sleeping quarters at Dodger-town; timing of press releases, which in the case of a spring-training automobile accident involving Duke Snider and two teammates were held up to favor Western dailies' later deadlines. The Associated Press was so miffed at how the Dodger management broke the accident story that it threatened to withdraw its correspondent, who, as Red Smith pointed out, serves papers in California as well as New York.

While Los Angeles and San Francisco dailies are splashing news of the Dodgers and San Francisco's Giants, New York newspapers had not decided last week whether old loyalty to the westerling prodigals will be strong enough to warrant staff coverage of West Coast games beyond the first weeks of the season.

New Pundit

As the New York *Times's* chief congressional correspondent, slim, well-tailored William S. (for Smith) White, 50, has long been regarded by fellow newsmen as the most astute chronicler of the U.S. Senate—and by strangers is often taken for one of its members. Along with his polished daily reporting, Bill White has found time to write two successful books: 1957's *Citadel*, an admirer's analysis of the Senate, and *The Taft Story*, which won him a 1955 Pulitzer Prize in Letters. Last week Reporter White quit the *Times*



REPORTER WHITE
Aim: explain.

after 13 years to fill a rare opening in the ranks of Washington pundits. Taking over from Thomas L. Stokes, whose career has been indefinitely interrupted by serious illness (*TIME*, March 24), White will write a thrice-weekly political column starting next month. He will also turn out a monthly Washington column for *Harper's Magazine*.

Reporter White's column for United Feature Syndicate will combine, says he, "some commentary, considerable news analysis and, now and then, some straight reporting." His internationalist, Jeffersonian political philosophy puts him only somewhat to the right of Liberal Tom Stokes's views. Yet Texas-born Bill White, who labels himself an "independent," also feels an affinity for the Senate's dominant Southern conservatives, many of whom, e.g., House Speaker Sam Rayburn, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, he has known since he went to Washington in 1933 to cover Texas affairs for the Associated Press.

Starting out as a reporter on the Austin *Statesman* while he was still at the University of Texas, White joined the A.P. in



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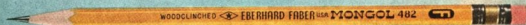
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IT'S A FACT - 482 MONGOL "F" DEGREE STAYS SHARPER LONGER

1926, had become its general night editor in Manhattan headquarters before he went off to cover the war in Europe. Says he: "A newspaperman's life is a good career for the man who's really disinterested, whose aim is to explain facts, whose temperament is detached." One of the first dailies to start Columist White on his new career last week was the conservative *Washington Star* (circ. 254,992), which signed up for his column as soon as it was offered.

Trial by Headline

CAPTURE CLOSES REIGN OF TERROR! shrieked Texas' *Austin American* (circ. 34,714) over a story reporting that a 23-year-old soldier from Fort Hood, 70 miles north of Austin, had been charged with

ture chamber" car and arrested Pfc. Stanley N. Press, a slight (5 ft. 5 in., 130 lbs.) draftee from Atlantic City.

Valentine Shorts. In the car with the "abductor," reported the story, was another "victim," a woman who told police he had raped her twice after threatening her life. The paper quoted a sheriff's investigator who called Press a "sorry s.o.b.," and helped readers close their minds with such details as a description of the soldier's "Valentine" underwear—white shorts with prints of red hearts." Not until the story's 52nd paragraph did the *American* note the curious fact that the girl in the car had not cried for help when Press pulled into a service station. In describing Press's denial of the rape charge, the report said: "He later became almost cocky, demanding 'his rights'—to see an attorney."

The reign of terror reopened retroactively next day, when a third girl charged that Press had tried to rape her. By this time the *American* was able to report even more incriminating evidence: among the soldier's belongings police had found "a picture of a nude woman, a stack of 'girlie' magazines, a nudist publication."

But by last week, the reign of terror had proved a train of error. "Victim" No. 2 confessed that she had willingly submitted to Press, and would have gone out with him again "if he had asked me for a date." Then other newsmen—as well as an *American* staffer—started digging into the case. They unearthed these facts:

¶ "Victim" No. 1's original affidavit said that Press "took my hand and took me to his car." She did not charge, as quoted in the *American-Statesman*, that she had been dragged or beaten.

¶ A signed statement by the doctor who examined "Victim" No. 2, had not, as reported by the paper, "confirmed" that she had been raped, instead found only that there was evidence of sexual intercourse. Two bystanders who were described in the paper as having seen "the girl pulled into the car" said that they had seen no such thing.

¶ An affidavit by "Victim" No. 3 admitted that she had not protested to the manager of a motel where she had spent a night with the soldier.

Even when the "evidence" exploded, District Attorney Les Procter felt under such a "heavy load" imposed by the publicity about the case that he telephoned Executive Editor Charles E. Green and—as Green put it—"wondered what the paper would think." Replied the editor: "Hell, do what's right." At week's end Defendant Press, an accountant by trade, had been cleared of any rape charge, but he was in the Fort Hood stockade, still facing trial on the first girl's charge that he had forced her into sex acts. On the same day that it reported plans for Press's trial, the *Statesman* ran a Page One account of a speech by Editor Green arguing "the right of jurors to be informed about details of a crime before the trial." He also praised the jury system for providing a rebuttal to the "facile and superficial" charge of "trial in the newspapers."



DEFENDANT PRESS UNDER GUARD
Terror out of error.

rape. Crowded the paper's Page One account: "A textbook case of cooperation between law enforcement agencies." Last week, after whooping up the story for a month, the morning *American* and its afternoon sister, the *Statesman* (28,238), provided a textbook case of how publicity-hungry law officers and overeager newspapermen can conduct an inflammatory trial by headline.

Austin was awakened to its reign of terror by a hair-raising story in the Sunday *American-Statesman* headlined: "BEAST SEIZES, ASSAULTS GIRL. It reported that a 20-year-old secretary had been "grabbed" on a downtown sidewalk, "forced" into a car, beaten and "assaulted" by a young driver. The paper quoted a deputy sheriff, who linked the crime with the "beast rapist" of a twelve-year-old Austin girl on Christmas Eve. Next day the *American* credited itself with stirring up an "aroused" public as it reported that police and "an uncounted force of vigilantes" had stopped the rapist's "prison and tor-

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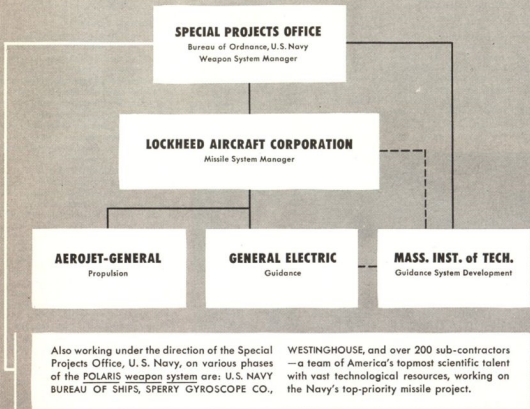
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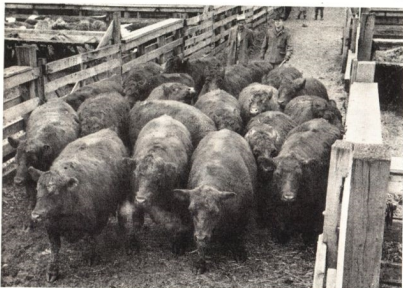
BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

On the Rise?

To the listless U.S. economy the Federal Reserve slipped another pep pill. For the second time in a month FRB last week announced a $\frac{1}{2}$ % reduction in the required reserves of member banks (down to 10% for central city banks, 17% for reserve city banks, 11% for country banks), thus freeing a potential \$3 billion in bank credit for additional loans. Said a top FRBman: "Our purpose is simple: to

Up on the Farm. Oil's hopeful outlook was shared to an even greater degree by the farm-machinery industry, which started earlier on its recession and now seems to be coming out of it. With an end to the Midwest drought, and higher farm prices (see Agriculture), farmers were buying so much farm machinery that some companies are hard-pressed to keep up with demand. Massey-Ferguson, Ltd. sold more new combines and tractors between Nov. 1 and March 1 than at any other time in the past five years. Allis-Chalmers Mfg.



CATTLEMAN DINGMAN (WHITE HAT) WITH RECORD HERD AT CHICAGO STOCKYARDS
For every penny on the hoof, almost 2¢ on the hook.

Francis Miller—LIFE

create conditions still more favorable to recovery."

In a few industries there were signs that recovery might have begun. After the gloom of January and early February, Detroit's automakers reported a sharp, continuing sales rise in March, with sales of some cars up as much as 25%. Oilmen, too, thought they might be bottoming out of recession, had cut production drastically to reduce inventories, while many independents clamored for further import cuts (see Oil). Texas cut its April allowable another 120,203 bbl. and scheduled only eight days' production (2,444,571 bbl. daily) for the entire month, the lowest level in history. Although gasoline stocks topped those of 1957, heavy crude oil and heating-oil stocks were coming down to size. Last week Gulf Oil Corp., Phillips Petroleum Co., Texas Co., Tidewater Oil Co. and Shell Oil Co. all reported record sales—and often record profits—for 1957. Almost without exception they expected a good year in 1958. Said Cities Service President Burl S. Watson: "We have our problems, but every company is forecasting still another increase in demand this year."

Co. is well ahead of 1957, while J. I. Case Co. has the biggest backlog in its history, recorded sales of \$21.4 million for the quarter ended Jan. 31 v. \$16.1 million last year. Said one J. I. Case executive: "Our biggest trouble right now is getting equipment to the dealers fast enough."

Profit at 50%. In paper, the signs of a bottoming out were also starting to appear. St. Regis Paper's Chairman Roy K. Ferguson, while noting that net sales were down 8% to 10% so far this year, reported that customers were beginning to ask for immediate delivery, a sure sign that "inventory reductions are nearing the point where we should feel the impact of an upturn by not later than midyear." As for steel, which so far has borne much of the brunt of the recession, President Avery C. Adams, of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., No. 4 in the industry, announced that J. & L.'s orders climbed slightly during the first twelve days of March, though nothing to get excited about yet. Nevertheless, Adams expected to make good his boast of turning a profit at 50% of capacity. Said he: "We were in the black in January and February, and we expect to be in the black this month."

AGRICULTURE

Galloping Prices

At the Chicago stockyards last week Iowa Cattle Feeder Joe Dingman sold a twelve-ton load of 20 prime-fed Aberdeen Angus steers for \$9,492.60. The price was a near-record 39¢ per lb., highest since 1952 and far more than the 27¢ per lb. that prime beef brought a year ago. Other beef prices climbed as much as 1½¢ per lb. last week, and the average-grade steer brought about 28¢ v. 21.7¢ the same week in 1957. This was good news for beef raisers, glum news for beefeaters. Each 1¢ boost will bring almost a 2¢ rise in the price of dressed beef. Although packers, processors and retailers will absorb much of the increase, some of it will fall on the consumer. Rising beef prices are one of the reasons that the consumer price index, up .2% in February, will probably continue to go up.

Prices were up not only because of the big consumer demand but because livestock producers were sending fewer cattle to market. Shipments of beef cattle to the nation's dozen major stockyards last week ran 13% below last year. Output was low because the long drought in the Southwest had helped cut cattle population by almost 3,000,000 head since January 1956.

Rather than sell their cattle, livestockmen are now busily building up their herds. At long last, they had excellent conditions for it. Good grazing land was plentiful. Parts of the Southwest had three times as much rain this crop year as last. Soil was moist for six feet down in some areas, and once-dry water holes were brimful again. Furthermore, standard-grade feed corn was selling in Chicago for an average \$1.15 per bu. v. \$1.31 a year ago, and cattlemen were fattening their herds at bargain prices.

Many cattlemen figure that prices have yet to reach their peak, will continue to nudge up through 1958 at least. In Kansas City cattle brokers last week were ordering calves for fall delivery and fattening for as much as 33¢ per lb. v. 25¢ last fall. Cattlemen eventually will have bigger and beefier herds to sell, and prices will then start to soften. But the price-pushing demand for beef will probably continue to outpace supply for a long while. The Agriculture Department figures that beef production will not rise much until the 1960s. Reason: it takes about three years before the gleam in the bull's eye is turned into steak on the table.

OIL

"The Road to Disunity"

The clamor of Texas independent oilmen for sharper cutbacks in oil imports was answered last week by a realistic voice, speaking of all places, from Texas. The speaker: Houston's Will L. Clayton, one of Texas' elder statesmen, a founder

of the giant Anderson, Clayton & Co., cotton firm, a onetime Under Secretary of State and Assistant Secretary of Commerce. Clayton's message to his fellow Texans who expect the Government to cut imports more: stop trying to promote the "special interest of certain oil producers against the national interest."

"Underneath all such efforts," said Clayton, "is an understandable human impulse to choke off competition, and protect prices and profits. Nevertheless, such attempts should be understood for what they are, and defeated. The U.S. has always prospered by using the cheapest available fuels." In the future, such fuel will be at a premium, as consumption keeps rising. "We should never forget that the U.S. has only about 20% of the proven oil reserves of the world, whereas we are consuming over half of the present production of oil in the world."

Economics aside, there is also the question of international politics. "The Russians are smart," said Clayton. "They roam around the world offering trade. We give away some millions here and some there. No self-respecting people want charity; they want to earn their way. To seize the initiative in the cold war, we must first make ourselves worthy of the leadership of the free world. But we will never do that so long as we continue to act in the short-term special interest of our minority groups." Concluded Clayton: "Our oil imports come partly from Venezuela (buyer annually of \$1 billion of American goods, the economic equivalent of 250,000 American jobs), partly from Canada (our best customer in all the world), partly from the Middle East. Are we going to make all these areas mad just to maintain higher prices and big profits for domestic oil producers? If so, we are headed down the road to disunity in the free world and its eventual defeat."

\$5 BILLION TAX CUT is urged by Arthur F. Burns, former chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers. He contends that an immediate tax slash for all individuals and businesses would be "clearly a sounder method of dealing with a mild recession" than a big public-works program, which would not have any "significant economic effects in the immediate future."

CHRYSLER SHAKE-UP REPORTS, buzzing in Detroit because company's output this year is off 60% and heavy first-quarter loss is expected, picked up speed when two forward-looking vice presidents quit last week: No. 4 Man James Cope and West Coast Plant Boss Robert T. Keller, son of former President K. T. Keller. But President L. L. Colbert denies persistent reports that he will move up to chairman and that Veep William C. Newberg will become president.

NEXT TARGET of congressional committee will be the CAB. Inquiry will look into charges that CAB commissioners are too chummy with air-



WALL STREET

Short Story

To those who chart and prognosticate the course of the stock market, statistical barometers are as essential as riddles were to more classic oracles. One of the most widely noted statistics is the short interest, i.e., sales of borrowed stock made in expectation of purchasing it later at a lower price. Last week the New York Stock Exchange announced that the short interest had risen by midmonth to 4,460,660 shares, highest since Sept. 11, 1931, partly because of arbitraging following A.T. & T.'s rights offering. The percentage of shares short is far below 1931, since over 3½ times as many are now listed.

○ To get stock to deliver, short sellers borrow it from brokers. When there is only a small amount of stock available, the short seller sometimes has to pay a premium to borrow it. Furthermore, since the lender is entitled to all dividends declared by the corporation, the short seller must himself pay the amount of the dividends to the lender. One other drawback: all profits from short selling are short-term gains for tax purposes.

To amateur investors, a large short interest seems bearish, since it shows that a lot of investors think the market is headed down. But to sophisticated investors, a high short interest is usually regarded as just the opposite. Since the market has already absorbed the selling, they reason that the buying of stocks to cover the sales can send the market up; if the market goes down, the buying will also provide a cushion. Furthermore, Wall Streeters believe that much of the increase in short selling has been done by amateurs prompted more by recession talk than by any expert market knowledge. "The high short interest," said Manhattan Broker Jack J. Dreyfus Jr., "signifies that bearishness abounds in the barbershops."

In the past, the arrival of the barbershop bears has often indicated an upturn in the market. In May 1949, the short interest hit a 16-year peak of 1,629,551 shares, just before the market began to rise. In September 1954, the short interest rose to a 2½-year high of 3,351,826, just before the Dow-Jones industrials soared (see chart). Stocks of Polaroid and

TIME CLOCK

lines, will examine why White House sometimes reversed itself in international air route cases.

CASH DIVIDENDS paid by publicly reporting firms last month rose to \$346 million v. \$335 million in February of 1957. Biggest gainers: utilities, chemicals and nonelectrical machinery makers, finance and trade companies. The losers: railroads, mining firms, manufacturers of nonferrous metals, cars, textiles, paper.

FARM PLANTING of about 333 million acres this year will be lowest since 1917, but higher productivity is expected to bulge crop surplus.

GROCERY SALES are running 6% to 10% higher than same time last year and food processors are doing as well or better than in 1957, says Grocery Manufacturers of America, Inc.

NICKEL SURPLUS is building up for first time since Korean war. With its stockpile filled and free world capacity running well ahead of demand, Government will try to renegotiate 45

contracts that commit it to buy heavily of Canadian and U.S. nickel through the mid-1960s at prices up to \$1.14 per lb., v. current market price of 74¢.

BIG PIPELINE DEAL is ready for signing by U.S. allies in Middle East. Agreement has been drafted to lay \$500 million 1,100-mile line from Iran's Qum field (TIME, May 6) to Turkey's Mediterranean port of Iskenderun, and the two nations have offer of financial help from U.S. investors headed by Wall Street's Allen & Co. Prospect is that Iraq will hook into line via short feeder pipe, thus bypassing Syria.

FIRST ATOM-SHIP CREW, to operate N.S. (for Nuclear Ship) Savannah, will start training this September.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER hankers to make Hollywood's first move into live TV. Negotiations with TV's Robert (Omnibus) Saudek are getting warm, and plan is for joint production of six 60-to-90-minute spectacles costing \$350,000 each during 1958-59 season.

AUTO PRESTIGE

Conspicuous Consumption Is Waning

THE first real casualty of the current recession may well be the middle-priced automobile. For years it not only provided transportation for the middle class but was a firm steppingstone on the stratified pyramid of personal material progress. From a Ford, Chevrolet or Plymouth, the buyer progressed to a Pontiac, Buick, De Soto or Oldsmobile, all the while hoping for, and perhaps eventually achieving, a Chrysler, Lincoln or Cadillac.

But the steppingstone is no longer as attractive—or necessary—to most Americans. Sales of middle-priced cars have declined from 37% of the market in 1955 to 29% last year—and their production decline this year has been phenomenal. Middle-priced car production so far in 1958 is down 51% from the same period last year, far more than other sections of the industry. Production of Oldsmobile has dropped 44%; Buick, which was once in third place, 40%; De Soto 77%; Mercury 64%; Pontiac 31%; Dodge 70%. Ford's middle-priced Edsel, brought onto the market last year, is a flop.

The decline in popularity of the middle-priced car parallels the decline in prestige buying, once one of the big forces behind U.S. auto sales. Americans have found many other sources of prestige and enjoyment, e.g., homes, boats, foreign travel, family vacations, summer houses in the country, etc. To the evidence that conspicuous consumption—as typified by the bigger auto—is waning in the U.S., Harvard Economist Sumner Slichter adds his voice: "Having stocked themselves up for the past ten years with cars, people have been shifting their expenditures to other things."

The real drop of the middle-priced car has been brought about by Detroit itself. Until the 1940s, the low-priced three—Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth—manufactured cheap, compact cars meant chiefly for transportation. As demand grew for wider and longer cars with more room and comfort, Detroit changed the once small cars into big ones. From 1938 to date, Chevrolet has grown two feet overall; Ford has grown four feet since 1928. Both are now bigger than the Pontiac, Packard or Oldsmobile of ten years ago.

The difference in quality and comfort between low-priced and high-priced cars narrowed. Cheaper cars picked up more horsepower (Chevrolet offers 280 h.p. today, about the same as the 1955 Cadillac). Once major mechanical improvements were the exclusive property of more expensive

autos, e.g., Oldsmobile's automatic shift; now lower-priced models have all of them. Among the lower-priced cars, it is the highest-priced models that are doing best. Ford sales are down, but its Thunderbird and Fairlane are selling best—to many people who a few years ago would have bought a middle-priced car. Sales of Chevrolet are neck-and-neck with 1957, with the biggest sellers its most expensive models, including the Impala.

Prestige buying still helps the sale of small foreign cars. Foreign-car purchasers often give lower operating costs as the reason for buying. But Detroit surveys show that most foreign-car buyers have higher incomes than the national average, could afford to buy a bigger U.S. car. Says Ronald Saracco, sales manager of Manhattan's Fine Cars Inc.: "A sort of reverse appeal has now given more prestige to the small foreign car." While all U.S. car sales are down about 25% this year, sales of small foreign cars reached 200,000 last year, a gain of 110% over 1956, and they are expected to continue rising in 1958. Detroit automakers do not believe that there is a big U.S. market for small cars, consider their popularity a fad that is about at its peak. Some foreign-car dealers agree. Says Albert E. Birt, president of Manhattan's Hambro Automotive Corp., which sold 24,000 British cars in the U.S. last year: "The imported-car market might increase to 300,000, but I can't believe it will go beyond that."

Does the popularity of foreign cars, plus the upgrading of Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth, leave an opening for a U.S.-made small car? Automakers say that the potential market would have to reach at least 500,000 before they would consider producing one. They have solid evidence that a small U.S. car would cost little less than present low-priced U.S. models, since the cost of labor, advertising and marketing would be the same. They also point out that the U.S. buyer can already buy a low-priced U.S. model with no accessories for only a little more than a foreign car.

For such reasons, the small-car boom worries Detroit less than the decline of the middle-priced car. Since its beginning, the U.S. auto industry has narrowed from more than 2,000 different automobiles to 17 makes turned out by five major companies that produce 96% of all cars sold in the U.S. In the future, many of the overlapping models produced by the big five may also disappear.

Lorillard, which had two of the steepest jumps in the short interest, demonstrated how fast-rising stocks attract new-born bears on the theory that stocks which rise sharply will sell off. The short interest in Polaroid rose from 83,441 to 122,067 shares for the month ending March 14; Lorillard from 25,380 to 58,560. But short selling in Polaroid and Lorillard, said Edmund W. Tabell, top market analyst of Walston & Co., "has been for the most part uninformed. Unsophisticated investors read of a phenomenal price rise in the papers and sell short, but they are selling against rising earnings."

Fatter Fees?

Ballots went out to the 1,346 members of the New York Stock Exchange last week to vote on whether the brokers should boost commissions an average 13%, the second hike in four years. The plan ran into immediate opposition from Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, biggest brokerage house. The proposed increase, said Merrill Lynch's Managing Partner Michael McCarthy, discriminates against the small investor, who will pay 30% more on a \$500 transaction. He argued that most brokers are getting an adequate return despite higher operating costs, since commission earnings of Wall Street houses after partners' compensation and expenses run an average of 10.1% before taxes. But most Wall Streeters thought the chances were better than even that commissions would go up by May 1.

METALS

Copper Surge

After a gloomy winter, copper investors thought they saw a few signs of spring. On the New York Stock Exchange last week copper stocks rose in heavy trading. At week's end Kennecott was up $\frac{1}{4}$ to 88 $\frac{1}{2}$, Anaconda up $\frac{1}{2}$ to 46 $\frac{1}{2}$, Magma $\frac{1}{4}$ to 47. Behind the push was a $\frac{1}{2}$ rise to 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ a lb. in copper price at custom smelters, which normally supply about 15% of U.S. refined copper. On the London Metal Exchange, where world prices are set and fluctuate with daily sales, copper closed at 21.75¢ a lb., up .81¢.

Sales picked up after Anaconda's Roy H. Glover announced that his company was taking no new orders at current prices in Europe, where demand for copper is still strong. Almost all of Anaconda's scheduled 1958 production, plus the carry-over of copper from last year, has been sold. Kennecott has also stopped selling domestic copper to Europe because, said President Charles R. Cox, "the copper is worth more in the ground."

Was this the anticipated turn in copper prices? Copper analysts think not—at least not yet. The last $\frac{1}{2}$ hike at custom smelters, in December, lasted only three weeks when the price dropped back, subsequently fell $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ more. Demand is still sluggish at the 25¢-a-lb. level asked by major domestic producers, and Western Congressmen are still talking about a sick industry and pressing for a 4¢-a-lb. tariff,

HOLD TOMORROW IN YOUR HAND!



New Norelco® Speedshaver

For the first time, electric shaving achieves razor-blade closeness with the exclusive comfort of world-famous rotary blades!

First your fingers feel its light precision balance. Behind that jet-age design is the famous rotary blade shave. It made Norelco the world's largest-selling shaver.

This Norelco Speedshaver is completely new. Plug it in. How quiet. Yet you sense its power. Now, give it a try. How smooth. No pull. No burn. Is it shaving? It sure is. Feel your face. How clean. The reason? Swift rotary blades beneath stationary skin-guards shave your beard with the same smooth stroke as a barber's blade. To clean, push button. Top flips up. It's clean in a second.

Every shaver ever made takes a back seat to this one. Hold Tomorrow in your hand—Today. New Norelco Speedshaver deluxe in two-tone jet gray and white, with travel case. Model SC7900 AC/DC **\$24.95.**

For the ladies . . . NEW NORELCO GOLDEN DEBUTANTE now \$14.95 and NEW DELUXE LADY NORELCO \$24.95 for gentle grooming, AC/DC.

For outdoorsmen, motorists . . . NEW NORELCO SPORTSMAN runs on ordinary flashlight batteries or plugs into your car lighter. Now only \$24.95.

See the new Norelco Speedshaver demonstrated on the Jack Paar NBC Television Show

Here's what makes Norelco the one shaver that's completely new!



Tomorrow's velvet-touch luxury! Contour skin-stretcher rim stands whiskers erect, holds them erect for Norelco's rotary blades to stroke off below skin-level for a lasting shave.



Tomorrow's stroke of genius! Self-sharpening rotary blades, shown here in "X-ray" view beneath stationary skin guards, stroke off whiskers gently, cleanly, whichever way they grow.



Tomorrow's push-button cleaning! Push the button and flip-top head springs open. "Whisker dust" empties out in a second. Entire head easily removed for thorough cleaning.



New high-speed motor! There's continuous power behind Norelco's rotary blade shave. New Speedshaver brush motor, permanently lubricated, is the quietest, coolest-running ever!

NORELCO is known as PHILISHAVE in Canada and the free world. North American Philips Company, Inc., and associated companies, 100 E. 42nd St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.
Also: High Fidelity Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Research and Control Instruments, Medical X-Ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

VIEWPOINT: ADVERTISING

Parking in Detroit

Auto accounts are advertising's top clients, top news. One of the biggest brands is GM's Chevrolet, now in its 36th year at Campbell-Ewald, Detroit's largest ad agency, where the Chairman of the Board is friendly, football-shouldered Henry G. "Ted" Little.



LITTLE:

Advertising . . . a driving force.

Little himself has been in the business for 38 years, believes that automotive advertising is a most challenging assignment, partly because the business is so competitive, partly because the market is so insatiable.

See the U.S.A.

"On a giant world map," says Little, "the United States would be the only section with a net spread over it—a net of roads on which, if we could animate the map, more than 62 million vehicles would be moving. That's better than one for every three dots representing people."

"For," Little points out, "though the U. S. has only 6.6% of the world's population, our people operate 72% of the world's cars, and almost half of its trucks and buses. And this, mind you, is just a beginning."

Spark Plug

The need for cars will continue to increase, Little feels, spark-plugged by growing suburban and interurban living patterns. Advertising's role? To continue to sell, of course. And in selling, to make possible the continuing improvement in styling, performance and price—which has brought fine automobiles, new and used, within the reach of millions who build them, and other millions as well.

"A case for advertising?" says Little. "Glance at any busy highway! Advertising has helped to change the face of America—and it still is a driving force for the future."

Published as a service to the advertising industry and the consuming public by
McCall's
The magazine of Togetherness



ADMEN DANE, BERNBACH & DOYLE

Live modestly—and don't fear the clients.

placing the "peril point" where the tariff would go into effect at 30¢ (TIME, Feb. 10). While producers feel that the users' inventory liquidation is about over, higher copper prices can come only with a pickup in demand by major copper consumers.

ADVERTISING

Adman's Adman

The fastest-growing ad agency on Madison Avenue is a quiet, unspectacular shop where research—one of advertising's most sacred cows—has been put out to pasture and ignored. From billings of \$2,000,000 a year after it started in 1949, Manhattan's Doyle Dane Bernbach has shot up to \$20 million—and the growth of its reputation has been even more spectacular. Reason: Doyle Dane Bernbach believes that copy is more important than market research, graphs, formal presentations and much of the other paraphernalia that dominate many agencies. Says Agency President William Bernbach, 46: "We get people to look and listen by being good artists and writers. We don't expect of research what it is unable to do. It won't give you a great idea."

Bill Bernbach ("I'm probably the only agency president who lives in Brooklyn") created the agency as a special vehicle for his own strongly held ideas about advertising. A onetime speechwriter for the New York World's Fair, he began his advertising career with the old William Weintraub agency, became a vice president of Grey Advertising in 1945. There, while working on the account of Ohrbach's, a low-priced Manhattan and Los Angeles department store, he stressed sophistication instead of price with the eye-catching illustration and a minimum of copy that later became his trademark, e.g., Ohrbach's recent cat ad (TIME, March 17). But Bill Bernbach found his style cramped by conventional ad con-

cepts. He left Grey in 1949 to form his own agency with Grey Vice President Ned Doyle and a friend, Maxwell Dane, took the Ohrbach account along as the nucleus of the new agency.

Bernbach stressed a simple but striking idea, a specific selling point that got across a message without a lot of talk. He disdained the use of gimmicks to lure readers. Said he: "A picture of a man standing on his head would get attention, but the reader would feel tricked by the gimmick—unless, of course, we were trying to sell a gadget to keep change in his pocket." He got a reputation for being an adman's adman, for putting small accounts on a level with big ones. He made an obscure New York bread one of the city's best known with ads showing nibbled slices and the message, "New York is eating it up." Among the agency's other memorable copy: a plug for Israel's El Al airline's new, faster Britannia plane service, with a picture of the Atlantic Ocean one-fifth torn away ("Starting Dec. 23, the Atlantic Ocean will be 20% smaller"); its challenging ads for Ancient Age bourbon ("If you can find a better bourbon, buy it"); a Max Factor lipstick ad showing the Colosseum and a pair of fiery eyes staring from a Roman Senator's bust ("Any man will come to life when you wear Roman Pink").

The agency, waxing strong as its ads drew notice, went into TV, attracted such clients as CBS, American Export Lines, Gallo wines. But clients are accepted on Bill Bernbach's terms. They are warned in advance that the agency will run the ad account as it sees fit. Says Bernbach: "It's more important for us to know our business than their business. I've seen too many people morally wrecked in this business." Says General Manager Dane: "All three of us live very modestly. We don't have to be afraid of our clients."

TOBACCO

Tar Down

Burned by research linking smoking with lung cancer and by congressional charges that many filters actually filter very little (TIME, March 3), tobaccos are quietly reducing nicotine and tars in cigarettes. Last week *Consumer Reports*, whose March 1957 tests played a large part in the congressional blast, reported results of latest tests, showing milligram declines in the last year. Those brands lowest in content:

	Tar	Nicotine
King Sano	From 11 to 10	1.0 to 0.8
Kent king	15* to 12	2.8* to 1.4
Marlboro	18 to 14	2.9 to 1.9
Old Gold filter	19 to 14	3.1 to 1.8
Old Gold straight (new)	14	1.5
Parliament	20 to 14	3.4 to 1.9
Philip Morris reg.	18 to 15	2.9 to 2.0
Tareyton filter	19 to 15	2.3 to 2.1
Viceroy	18 to 15	2.8 to 2.2
Lucky Strike	19 to 16	2.6 to 2.1

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Short-Order Pasture. A farm machine that uses the hydroponic method of growth (in a chemical solution without soil) was put on the market by Buckeye Corp., maker of chicken incubators. Housed in a 120-sq.-ft. aluminum building, it can match 15 to 25 acres of cattle pasturage by growing 45 tons of fresh grass a year at about \$13 a ton. Lit by fluorescent lamps, it works night and day. Price: \$2,880.

Automatic Cameras. To spur recession-minded buyers, Bell & Howell brought out nine new camera products months ahead of schedule. Items: the 8-mm. Auto Load, a home movie projector that automatically threads the film; four cheaper (\$99.95 to \$159.95) versions of two previous "electric eye" 8-mm. movie cameras, which automatically adjust the lens to the right light.

Skip the Change. An automatic change dispenser for cash registers which speeds up supermarket checkouts by 30% was announced by National Cash Register Co. Instead of the usual two or three times that change is counted per transaction (with an average 15% error rate), the new machine registers the change due, tells the clerk how many bills to hand over, send the coins down a chute to the customer. Price: \$375.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Welcome to Ireland

Ireland's greatest export is men. Some 40,000 emigrate every year, mostly to Britain and the U.S., because there are few jobs at home. Those who do remain on the emerald farms and in the cities face a flinty life in one of Europe's poorest nations.

Last week a smiling Irishman started



Pleasant Anticipation!

Folks the world over look forward to the arrival of Black & White Scotch Whisky with pleasant anticipation. That's because its quality and character never change!

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF



THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

* Tested in February of 1955.



**The first letter
this girl typed
cost \$304**

Before using Kelly Girls to replace "regulars" on vacation or sick leave, this company estimated it cost \$304 in time and money to advertise for temporary help, screen and interview applicants, then add the replacement to the company payroll. That's all done for you by KELLY GIRLS® service. Tested, insured, bonded and guaranteed Kelly Girls are on our payroll, not yours. You don't pay costly overtime or fringe benefits. We bill you only for hours worked, as shown on a time card you approve.

If your work load fluctuates, Kelly Girls can work just on the days when a full office staff is needed. It's the modern way to cut operating costs.

**Kelly Girl
SERVICE, INC.**
(A Division of Russell Kelly Office Service, Inc.)
Headquarters, Detroit 3, Michigan
WORLD'S LARGEST SUPPLIER OF TEMPORARY OFFICE HELP

Albany	FR 4-3512	Liblack, Tex.	Call late
Albany	DR 4-4253	Memphis	JA 3-4231
Albany	JA 4-3887	Milford	FR 3-5412
Baltimore	MU 3-3195	Milwaukee	BR 2-7540
Baton Rouge	DI 5-5716	Minneapolis	FE 9-1154
Battle Creek	WO 2-4466	Mobile	ME 3-1514
Birmingham	LA 4-7893	Nashville	AL 4-5308
Boston	LI 2-2725	Newark	MA 4-5271
Buffalo	MA 2-2522	New Orleans	EX 1-551
Camden	GL 2-4282	New York City	MU 7-4480
Charleston, W. Va.	DI 2-3982	Oakland	HJ 4-8864
Charlotte, N.C.	FR 2-4366	Oklahoma City	CE 2-3112
Chattanooga	AM 4-4387	Philadelphia	RI 6-4561
Cincinnati	MA 3-4326	Phoenix	AL 2-8289
Cleveland	TO 1-1888	Pittsburgh	EX 1-3222
Columbus	CA 7-1776	Portland, Ore.	CA 2-2332
Dallas	RI 2-3881	Richmond	MU 6-8182
Dayton	RI 6-1222	Rossmore	DI 3-9881
Dayton	BA 2-2538	Rochester, N.Y.	BA 1-3135
Denver	MA 2-1868	Sacramento	CI 2-3889
Des Moines	AT 2-2529	San Antonio	CA 1-7711
Detroit	WO 2-9518	San Francisco	SO 1-8285
El Paso	SP 1-18	San Jose	CT 5-1508
El Paso	CE 2-7523	Seattle	MA 4-5559
Fort Wayne	EA 3-869	Spokane	RI 7-5833
Fort Worth	ED 2-2535	St. Louis	CA 1-1711
Grand Rapids	GL 2-9224	St. Paul	CA 4-3386
Hartford	JA 7-1195	St. Paul	Call late
Hendricks, T.H.	JA 3-8718	Syracuse	HA 2-2533
Houston	CA 4-3431	Tallahassee	CI 2-7711
Indianapolis	ME 2-4488	Tucson	MA 7-3155
Jacksonville	EL 4-4111	Tulsa	LU 2-5828
Kalamazoo	FI 2-4247	Utica	CA 2-2526
Kansas City	KA 2-8279	Washington	ST 5-4448
Knoxville	KA 2-8253	Waterloo, Iowa	AD 4-1811
Little Rock	FR 2-8772	Wilmington	DL 5-4246
Los Angeles	TR 3101	Youngstown	RI 4-1223
Louisville	JO 2-5875		

buzzing around the U.S. in hopes of getting help for the Irish economy. Announced Cyril Count McCormack, new U.S. director of the Irish Industrial Development Authority; under recently enacted laws, Ireland will offer U.S. businessmen probably the most appealing climate for industrial investment in all Europe.

Offered: Plants & Equipment. For the foreign industrialist who brings his know-how to one of the underdeveloped western counties—Clare, Galway, Mayo, Roscommon, Donegal, Kerry, Sligo or Leitrim—the Irish government will buy a site, build a plant for him, train his workers and pay half the cost of plant equipment. Elsewhere, Ireland will grant two-thirds of the cost of the plant up to \$140,000. In addition, foreign enterprises will be freed from income taxes on export profits for at least five years, excused from 67% of local property taxes for at least seven years. Dublin will guarantee that U.S. companies can send home all their profits in dollars.

Business Booster McCormack had other bait, such as low Irish wages (average: \$21 for a 48-hour week), low power rates (1¢ per kw-h), low living costs (50¢ for round steak, 24¢ for a shot of fine Irish whisky), and the idea that the U.S. manufacturer in Ireland will be able to sell his goods tariff-free to the future European free-trade area, which Ireland intends to join. The free-trade area should prove particularly attractive to businessmen who set up plants in the 200-acre customs-free zone around Shannon Airport in County Clare.

Needed: Money & Skills. Ireland is rolling out the plush green carpet because her few young, overprotected industries do not begin to supply home needs for manufactured goods. Imports last year rose to \$512 million, exports stood at \$368 million, and Ireland had to battle an overall trade imbalance of \$144 million.

Ireland aims to lure mostly middle-sized, 50-to-500-man plants that would not compete with existing Irish industries, e.g., new plants for chemicals, tools, toys, plywood products. Its yearly goal is to attract \$56 million in new industrial investment, create 15,000 jobs. For the bulk of this, Ireland looks to the U.S. Said Booster McCormack in his Manhattan office: "Any American businessman who is interested in Ireland has only to call me, from any part of the country, and I will come to see him in 24 hours."

CORPORATIONS

Get the Picture

To its 96,000 stockholders Eastman Kodak Co. announced that it will spend a record \$62 million this year to expand plants, add better equipment, improve processes, develop new products. From past experience Kodak expected positive results fast. Last year the company put \$56 million into capital improvements; new products introduced during the year made up 40% of its amateur-photography sales. In all, Kodak has invested \$500 million in capital improvements since 1945.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Carl J. Gilbert, 51, president of the Gillette Co., stepped up to board chairman, replacing retiring Joseph Spang Jr., 65, who pushed Gillette's sales from \$16 million in 1938 to more than \$200 million in 1956. A Boston lawyer (Harvard Law School), Gilbert joined Gillette as treasurer in 1948, became president in 1956. Into Gilbert's job goes Boone Gross, 53, a Texas-born West Pointer ('26) who heads Gillette's safety-razor division. As chief executive officer, Gilbert will face a \$6,000,000 sales slide caused in part by the short, straight Italian haircut, which has cut sharply into the sales of Gillette's



JAMES F. COYNE
GILLETTE'S GILBERT & GROSS
From a haircut, a trimming.

Toni home permanents. Says Gilbert of the style: "I'll change."

¶ Frank W. Jenks, 60, president of International Harvester, will become chief executive officer when Board Chairman John L. McCaffrey, 65, retires in May. Jenks went to work for Harvester as a clerk in 1914, rose steadily to the presidency last year (TIME, Oct. 28).

¶ Paul C. Smith, 49, onetime president of the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., was named vice president and treasurer of American Export Lines. Smith, who worked in banking before he turned to journalism, resigned from Crowell-Collier after the directors folded its magazines in December 1956 (TIME, Dec. 24, 1956).

¶ Edward L. Steinger, 55, executive vice president of Sinclair Oil, stepped up to president, succeeding Percy C. Spencer, 64, who became chairman of the board and remains chief executive officer. Steinger joined Sinclair in 1925, went to Venezuela in 1928, became president of Sinclair Venezuelan Petroleum in 1950. He was elected vice president of the parent company in 1955, became executive vice president last year.



How homeowners got fast claims payments after Dallas tornado

For a half-hour one afternoon last April, a tornado raged across Dallas, Texas, cutting a costly path.

One of its victims was Mrs. Blix Pate, owner of a comfortable Georgian home. "It lifted the roof clear off my front porch," she recalls. "Bricks and rubble everywhere. What a relief when Hardware Mutuals used the radio to tell us just how to report our claims for faster service! They checked my damages immediately. I was surprised when their representative came back with my check. Imagine . . . \$7,000 in my hands by four the next afternoon!"

Another policyholder, Mrs. Allie Pope, says, "That twister damaged my home considerably. Then, fortunately, Hardware Mutuals ran an advertisement in the morning paper telling us how to get our claims settled fast. They sure didn't let any grass grow in getting my \$6,800 check to me.

"When you live through one of these tornadoes you sure appreciate that kind of service. That's why I've had my home insured with Hardware Mutuals for more than 15 years."



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Equally important are dividend savings. For example, the current dividend on a Homowners* policy is 20%. Your nearest representative will be glad to explain how you can benefit from Hardware Mutuals dividend savings and convenient payment plans.

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1003 No. Edgellite, Dallas, Texas



Mrs. Allie G. Pope
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MILESTONES

Died. Mike Todd, fiftyish, producer; in a plane crash; near Grants, N. Mex. (see CINEMA).

Died. Claire McCardell, 52, vice president of Manhattan's Townley Frocks, Inc., creator of the casual American Look, "one of the few creative designers this country has produced," according to Dallas' Stanley Marcus; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. Don Hartman, 57, independent film producer (*Desire Under the Elms*), onetime (1951-56) production chief at Paramount Pictures Corp.; of a heart attack; in Palm Springs, Calif.

Died. Arde Bulova, 69, chairman of the board of the Bulova Watch Co., Inc., who built the company from a small jewelry-making concern founded by his father in 1873 into one of the world's largest manufacturers of jeweled watches; after long illness; in Encino, Calif.

Died. John J. Parker, 72, chief justice of the United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit (districts of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina), authority on state and federal constitutional law, the only man in this century whose appointment to the U.S. Supreme Court was rejected by the Senate; of a heart attack; in Washington. In 1930, after his nomination to the court by President Hoover, scholarly, genial Judge Parker became the subject of a debate triggered mainly by the American Federation of Labor, because of an opinion he had written sustaining a "yellow-dog" contract (wherein new employees promise their employers in writing that they will not join a union). Parker explained that he was merely "following the law as laid down by the Supreme Court. I had no latitude of discretion in expressing views of my own." Adding to his troubles: the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People feared that the North Carolina-born judge would be anti-Negro on the Supreme bench. The combined A.F.L. and N.A.A.C.P. lobbies were enough to cause what the Washington Post recently called "one of the worst psychological lynchings in which the Senate has ever indulged." Showing no outward rancor, John Parker continued his brilliant service to American jurisprudence, notably in his support of the Supreme Court's decision against segregation.

Died. George S. Long, 74, dentist, Democratic Congressman (since 1953), brother of Louisiana's onetime Governor Huey Long and present Governor Earl Long, uncle of Senator Russell Long; of a coronary thrombosis; in Bethesda, Md.

Died. Frederic Herbert Maugham, 91, onetime (1938-39) Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, elder brother of Novelist Somerset Maugham; in London.

SOUTH PACIFIC

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TIME, MARCH 31, 1958

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—New York Times

Art experts everywhere have acclaimed it—

Certainly this vital and distinguished book should give Americans a new appreciation of their visual tradition. It is comprehensive and expertly written.

—Robert Hale, Curator of American Painting,
Metropolitan Museum of Art

And artists themselves are singing its praises—

A beautiful book, by far the best yet turned out on American art.

—Thomas Hart Benton

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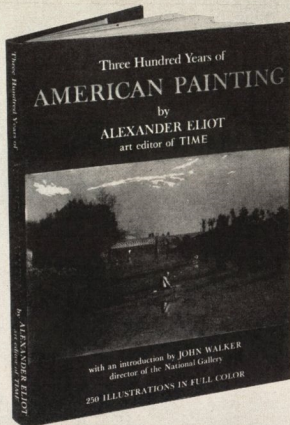
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CINEMA

The Showman

"I'm so happy I sometimes get scared," Mike Todd said last month. "I get damned scared I can't last; the law of averages is being just a little too good to me."

Todd's optimism was always somewhere outside the law of averages. While others brooded over the recession and mourned the future of the cinema, he was committing millions to the filming of *Don Quixote*, his latest project. He glibly claimed that his 1957 Oscar-winning *Around the World in 80 Days*, which has already

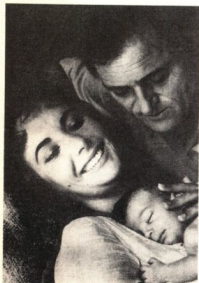
He recently said: "I've never been poor, only broke. Being poor is a frame of mind. Being broke is a temporary situation." He began to straighten out the temporary situation of 1947 with *As the Girls Go*, which opened—a scant year after bankruptcy—on money provided by angels whose faith in Mike was unshaken. Todd invested early in Cinerama, sold out and invested in Todd-AO, sold his interest in this successful process to help finance *80 Days*. He wanted everything to be big, fast, spectacular. On the first anniversary of *80 Days*, he threw a party for 18,000 friends in Madison Square Garden that was a spectacular flop. "Well," shrugged Mike, "you can't say it was a little bust."

A Flash Like Lightning. Actress Taylor, mother of Todd's infant daughter, was running a 102° temperature and gave up plans to go with her husband on his flight to New York last weekend. Bound for a Friars Club dinner honoring him as the showman of the year, Todd took off from Burbank in his twelve-passenger Lockheed Lodestar with Pilot William Verner, 45, Copilot Tom Barclay, 34, and Art Cohn, 49, a film scriptwriter and biographer who was writing *The First Nine Lives of Mike Todd*. Over the badlands of the Zuni Indian country west of Albuquerque, the twin-engined *Lucky Liz* was caught in a fast-moving storm. One of the pilots radioed for permission to climb because of icing, got it, radioed back when the plane was at 13,000 feet. Minutes later, a flash like lightning was seen in the hills southwest of Grants, N. Mex. Mike Todd and all aboard were dead.

The New Pictures

South Pacific (Magna Releasing Corp. and 20th Century-Fox), as a Broadway musical, had so much vim and vinegar that it would be almost impossible to make a bad movie out of it—but the moviemakers appear to have tried.

They gave it everything they had, and a lot they did not. They gave it, for a budget, almost \$6,000,000, and for a setting the most beautiful Hawaiian island—Kauai, about 100 miles west-northwest of Honolulu. They gave it a topflight director (Joshua Logan) and a glittering cast. They gave it, on the theory that there can never be too much of a good thing, every last alarm and excursion of the play's somewhat too playful plot, and then proceeded to lard it out with new business, a new song, even a whole new battle sequence, until the final version runs to the seat-flattening length of 2 hr. 51 min.—plus a 15-minute intermission. They gave it the supercolossal screen of the Todd-AO process and twirled the volume knob on the stereophonic sound system until the chandeliers began to rattle. They gave it some of the smoothest Technicolor that has ever creamed a moviegoer's eyeballs; but then, gripped by the fear that all this would be too subtle, they decided to smear "mood" all over the big scenes by shooting them through



Phil Burchman

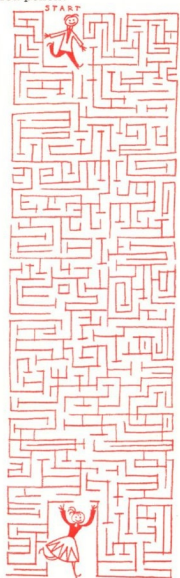
PRODUCER TODD & FAMILY
A fast-moving storm.

grossed \$33 million, "will be the first movie ever to make \$100 million." Said Todd: "I don't know where I'm going to spend it all." But no one who knew of his big-spending sprees and worldwide princely junkets with his wife, Cinemactress Elizabeth Taylor, doubted that Mike would find a way.

Dames & Comedy. Too much money was not always a problem; Mike Todd's personal finances, like an anesthetist's bag, alternately puffed and collapsed. Fifty years or so ago in Minnesota, when he was Avrom Hirsch Goldbogen, son of a Polish rabbi, the family was poor. But before he was 20, he and his brother Frank had made and lost nearly \$1,000,000 in Chicago real estate ventures. His later success as a Broadway producer ("I believe in giving the customers a meat-and-potatoes show. Dames and comedy") brought in big money almost as fast as Todd got rid of it. *The Hot Mikado* (1939), *Star and Garter* (1942), *Mexican Hayride* (1944) and *Up in Central Park* (1945) were so successful that by 1947 Todd's creditors numbered more than 100 and sued him for more than \$1,100,000.

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filters. Result: too often the actors are tinted egg yellow, turtle green—and sometimes phosphorescent fuchsia.

In short, *South Pacific* is about as tastelessly impressive as a ten-ton marshmallow. Nevertheless, it will probably run almost as long as it did on Broadway (1,925 performances), and it seems sure to make yet another bale of kale for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein. If it does, most of the credit will belong to the memorable score by Rodgers, and to the shrewdly sentimental Broadway book by Hammerstein and Logan.

The book, which makes use of characters and situations in James Michener's bestselling *Tales of the South Pacific*, tells what happens during the early days of the war in the Pacific to some naval officers, men and nurses on a U.S.-held island in the New Hebrides. Nurse Nellie Forbush (Mitzi Gaynor) falls in love *Some Enchanted Evening* with a middle-aged French planter (Rossano Brazzi), Marine Lieut. Joseph Cable (John Kerr) meanwhile engages in some *Happy Talk* with a native girl named Liat (France Nuyen), who dances around looking *Younger Than Springtime* on an island called *Bali Ha'i*. And the sailors, inspired by a Seabee named Luther Billis (Ray Walston), mill around on the beach, shouting that *There Is Nothing Like a Dame*. But the picture spends most of its time with the nurse, who tells herself that *I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair*, but then decides that *I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy*.

The main parts are reasonably well played and sung. Actress Gaynor, who has a pleasant voice and a pretty figure, may very well satisfy the customers who did not see Mary Martin play the part. Actor Brazzi, whose songs are superbly dubbed by the Metropolitan Opera's Basso Giorgio Tozzi, is suitably virile as her aging lover.

The Long, Hot Summer (20th Century-Fox) bears only a remote resemblance to the William Faulkner tales on which it is based (*The Hamlet*, *Barn Burning*). *The Hamlet*, in which Author Faulkner aired the moral muddle of Yoknapatawpha County in an ecstasy of disgust, is particularly strong stuff, and Producer Jerry Wald clearly had to clean up his subject for the screen. In the process, unfortunately, he converted Faulkner's county into a community almost as corny as Al Capp's Dogpatch, and reduced all the poetry of degradation to the customary commercial serving of fresh ham and pot likkah. And he replaced the emotional ingredients of *The Hamlet*'s grand, grotesque romance—half arsenic, half cantharides—with a conventional love story that is at least as sweet as Coca-Cola.

For all that, it is a pretty exciting movie. Faulkner is as hard to kill as a Mississippi water moccasin, and his energy coils and snaps and hisses in the hundred distortions of the story. To begin with, the young man of the "broad, flat face [with] eyes the color of stagnant



BRAZZI & GAYNOR IN "SOUTH PACIFIC" Michener shows through a marshmallow.

water" has been transformed by Hollywood into a dreamy-looking cinemactor named Paul Newman—but Newman's performance as Ben Quick, before the script blunts it, is as mean and keen as a cackle-edge scythe. And Eula Varner, she of the "kaleidoscopic convulsion of mammalian ellipses," is divided into two slender young beauties named Lee Remick and Joanne Woodward—but Woodward plays her part with a fire and grace not often seen in a movie queen.

And old Will Varner, "thin as a fence rail and almost as long," is transmogrified into the Falstaffian figure of Orson Welles—but Welles, in the first role he has done for Hollywood since *Moby Dick*, demonstrates decisively that if in the meantime he has scarcely improved as an actor, he is in any case a whale of an entertainer, even when he overacts and over-accent his Deep South dialect.

"Ah put down a big footprint," he sneers at his no-count son (Anthony Franciosa). "Ah said, 'Heah. Step in.



WOODWARD & NEWMAN IN "SUMMER" Faulkner refuses to be killed.

Fill it.' But you nevah did . . . Go fishin', boy." And at his daughter he roars, "Weeah's mah crop? What follahs me?" When her elegant young man dawdles on the way to the altar, Welles tries to hog-tie her up with Ben Quick. "Ah am no tremblin' little rabbit full of smolderin' unsatisfah'd desires," screams Actress Woodward when Quick puts up his proposition. "[Sex] is not enough . . . not nearly enough!" But Quick has an answer for that: "The world belongs to the meat eaters, Miss, and if you've got to take it raw, take it raw."

If the moviemakers had taken this advice, *The Long, Hot Summer* might easily have been a great picture instead of just a mighty entertaining one.

Merry Andrew (M-G-M). Danny Kaye is like Aladdin's lamp. Only when an audience rubs him the right way can the genie come out. No audience, no magic; and the cold glass eye of the camera is worse than no audience to an exquisite empathist like Kaye. But even in the worst of his pictures—and *Merry Andrew* is considerably better than that—Comedian Kaye exhibits the common trait of the greatest clowns, who are not funny because of what they do but because of what they are.

Danny plays a master in a British public school who takes a holiday in Sussex to look for a lost Roman bronze. While he is tunneling away beneath an improbable-looking ruin, a traveling circus pitches tent in the vicinity, and where does Danny's tunnel end? Spang in the middle of the lion act. Danny survives the lion's den—only to be consumed with passion for the girl on the flying trapeze (Pier Angeli). But this is madness! He is already engaged to Miss Letitia Fairchild (Patricia Cutts), a powerful young woman who will stand for no nonsense. What can poor Danny do?

This question is intended to engage the actors' efforts and the moviegoer's intelligence for several reels. Fortunately Danny, as always, transcends his material.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The High Cost of Loving. The hilariously private life of a rising young white-collar couple, described by Scriptwriter Rip Van Ronkel and Actor-Director José Ferrer (TIME, March 24).

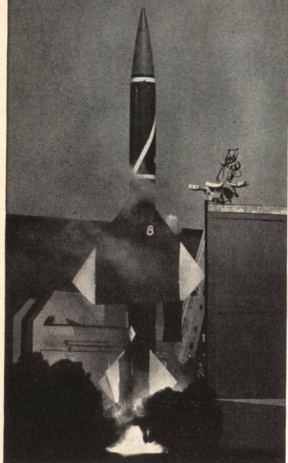
The Enemy Below. A thriller of a duel between a DE and a U-boat, well played by Robert Mitchum and Curt Jürgens, sharply directed by Dick Powell (TIME, Jan. 13).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. Director David Lean's magnificently ironic adventure story, developed into a tragic exploration of the unmeaning of life; with Alec Guinness, William Holden (TIME, Dec. 23).

Ordet. An allegory, swathed in a peaceful northland light, by Denmark's Carl (Day of Wrath) Dreyer (TIME, Dec. 16).

Paths of Glory. A passion out of fashion, antimilitarism, vented by a gifted new director, 29-year-old Stanley Kubrick (TIME, Dec. 9).

BULLETIN FROM **BOEING**



America's longest-range defense missile, the Boeing Bomarc IM-99, shown at start of automatic firing from launching shelter. Supersonic Bomarcs have quick reaction time and can carry atomic warheads. Unique among defense missiles, they can be fired in multiple and directed to intercept individual bombers or air-breathing missiles of a mass attacking force. Now in volume production at Boeing, Bomarcs will be operated by Air Defense Command.

Other Boeing defense projects include an advanced Bomarc, capable of seeking out and destroying enemy aircraft and missiles at distances now associated with manned interceptors.



First jet transport-tankers. Boeing KC-135s, pictured on Air Force base. Their primary function is to refuel the Strategic Air Command's B-47s and B-52s, thus extending the range and effectiveness of the multi-jet bombers. KC-135s hold the world non-stop jet transport record.



Missile bomber. The Boeing B-52 global jet bomber is now, and for some years will continue to be, the one proved retaliatory defense weapon not dependent upon foreign bases. In volume production at Boeing, this Strategic Air Command nuclear weapons carrier is the "big stick" in the

nation's retaliatory defense arsenal. An advanced B-52 missile bomber will have capability as a flying launching platform for supersonic air-to-ground missiles. Advantages: accurate long-range guidance, mission recallability, plus supersonic missile speed at the "hot end" of the target approach.

BOEING

BOOKS

Igloo Reading

[ICE PALACE (411 pp.)—Edna Ferber—Doubleday (\$4.50).]

At 70, Edna Ferber is still not over the bestseller habit, even though her books relentlessly suggest that bestsellers do not make the best reading. She has, as a critic once said of Edmund Wilson, "pencil, pad and purpose." Six years ago Novelist Ferber worked up some travel notes and impressions into *Giant* (TIME, Sept. 29, 1952), a novel about Texas that was as close to the mark as a tenderfoot's lariat, but waspish enough to infuriate Texans and amuse the citizens of the other 47 states. After Texas what? Alaska, naturally, and it is a safe bet that Edna Ferber's *Ice Palace* will be must reading all the way from Seattle to the DEW line.

Author Ferber has been to Alaska four times, and must have done a lot of research, too: her book is very knowing about such matters as parkas, salmon fishing and Gold Rush prostitutes. She also makes an emotional and just plea for Alaskan statehood. But decades of panning fictional gold (*Shore Boat, Saratoga Trunk*) have taught canny Prospector Ferber where to find the pay lode. Her heroine, Christine Storm, is beautiful enough to still the growl of a Malemute, so passionate about her native Alaska that she would not swap a fox parka for an autumn-haze mink. Grandpa Kennedy is a tycoon, but she prefers Grandpa Thor Storm. The name should prepare readers for the fact that he has noble Norwegian blood.

Grandpa Storm hates to see Alaska's wealth drained away by "outside" (State-side) capitalists. To him Alaska is the last frontier of both the nation's natural

wealth and the individual's freedom. He lives in an old cabin, runs a high-minded weekly, and fights with Grandpa Kennedy for the mind of beautiful Christine. In Author Ferber's hands, the battle is unequal. Not only does Christine refuse to marry the rich man's son Kennedy has in mind for her, but it is also reasonably clear that a part-Eskimo pilot, one Ross Guildenstern, will blend his dark good looks with Chris's golden beauty to help produce a better Alaska. On the way to an unexceptional ending, Author Ferber generously shares with the reader all her newfound, often interesting Alaskan lore—and when she raises her voice, it sounds as though she really cares.

Meet Robertulus

5 PENS IN HAND (360 pp.)—Robert Graves—Doubleday (\$4.50).

Gnaeus Robertulus Gravesa . . . was born in a suburban villa at the tenth milestone from Londinium, when L. Salisburius was sole Consul, in the year following the death of A. Tenuisianus Laureatus, whom the deified Victoria raised to patrician rank. It is handed down that the infant [wore] a beastlike scowl, which already gave assurance of . . . a mute and cynical habit of mind.

—From Galus Suetonius Tranquillus' *Lives of the Britannic Poets*. Translation by W. Wadlington Postchaise.

In this spoof of Roman historians and their stuffy translators, Robert Graves makes two major misstatements about himself. He is not cynical, being far too intelligent and benign for that, and he is certainly not mute, being one of the most relentlessly prolific authors now at work. The book jacket of his latest collection of miscellaneous pieces says, "There is only one Robert Graves," but this is patently untrue. There are many—the poet, novelist, critic, scholar, mythologist, essayist, general literary pundit and japester. All of them in this thoroughly entertaining volume are in top form.

According to Baudelaire's definition of a superior man—"He is not a specialist"—Robert Graves is distinctly superior. He has strongly held, closely reasoned, occasionally absurd opinions on everything under the sun and—considering his longstanding infatuation with the lunar White Goddess—on everything under the moon too. Not the least fascinating thing about this book is his delight in the sound of his own voice, whether he writes about the Whitaker Negroes,* a child peer of England, Saint Paul, E. E. Cummings, U.S. education, nightmares or poetry.

Lei, Lee. Nothing is better fun for the nonscholarly reader than Graves's vast sneer at the scholarly mind, given at a Yale lecture. In this mock-solemn legpull, Graves gravely gives a pathologist on



MOREY GILL
AUTHOR GRAVES IN MAJORCA
Punditry, Punch and poetry.

pedants' diseases. Sample: *cacography*, i.e., bad writing, a scholarly affliction that leads to "the inability of college graduates to read or write." For some extreme types of academic affliction, Graves recommends a Demosthenic treatment: "Fill the sufferer's mouth with pebbles and make him explain his theories in simple language to a mixed audience of Texan cow-hands and Boston longshoremen."

A vastly if casually learned man himself (he lets on that he graduated from Oxford only by an "arrangement" with the regius professor of English literature), Graves suggests that even as a schoolboy he could not resist the temptation to make light of learning. He declined the name of Mr. Lees, the Latin master, as "Lees, Lees, Lem, Lei, Lei, Lee."^{*}

At various points in this book, the reader learns that Graves has "bitter black Protestant blood," inherited from a grandfather, the last Protestant Bishop of Limerick; that at his home in Majorca he writes 500 words a day with a steel nib; that he dislikes Guggenheim fellowships ("When I was young . . . one didn't expect to be publicly supported just because one happened to write unsaleable verse"); and that he likes to test a poet's verbosity by summarizing stanzas in cabale, e.g., Wordsworth's "The Solitary Reaper": SOLITARY HIGHLAND LASS REAPING BINDING GRAIN STOMP MELANCHOLY SONG OVERFLOWS PROFOUND VALE.

Money, Miracles. Author Graves admits to more and stronger literary quirks, prejudices, theological theories and odd bits and pieces of information than seem possible in one man. Samples: Milton's *L'Allegro* is not much of a poem—Robert Frost has written better; Saint Paul was dishonest with money; Jesus did not die on the Cross but may or may not have



MRS. ORVILLE K. BUCKNER
NOVELIST FERBER IN ALASKA
Pencil, pad and purpose.

* Who lack sweat glands and thus must wear water-soaked long underwear (Graves read about them in TIME's Medicine section).

* In the British order of declension: nominative, vocative, accusative, genitive, dative, ablative.

turned up in Rome in A.D. 49; bath water in Australia "goes widdershins [contrariwise] down the waste-pipe"; the "concept of the supernatural is a disease of religion," although, paradoxically, Graves—who claims to have risen from the near dead after being officially listed as "Died of Wounds"—has no difficulty in believing in the miraculous.

Even at the height of his "cantankerousness" (Graves's own word for his special quality), he writes with clarity, charm and wit. The collection includes several stories so funny that it is difficult to believe they first appeared in *Punch*.

Fallen Eagle

THE GREAT DAYS (312 pp.)—John Dos Passos—Sagamore Press (\$4.50).

Ro (for Roland) Lancaster is an elderly, gangling man with a "raddled old face." Elsa is an untidy drifter of 28, thirty years his junior and fond of reminding him of it. Ro wants to while away the day talking about the years when he was a famous U.S. newspaperman; Elsa wants to spout her own grievances, including how she meant to write a novel but had twins by a bandleader instead. Ro and Elsa have come to Havana to make love, with a view to marriage, but when he touches her, she starts to protest: "Not yet . . . It's got to be right . . ." Frigid Elsa drinks one Daiquiri after another and does not stop talking until she is unconscious, so Ro lets her drone on and tells his life story to himself and the reader.

The Great Days is John Dos Passos' saddest, sorriest novel. Lancaster's vigorous young prime was under the reign of F.D.R.'s Blue Eagle. Then he had a beautiful wife and enthusiastic, high-placed friends who confided their problems to him and in return got the feel of the country from his shrewd, perceptive articles. When World War II begins, Ro goes right along with it, from blitzed London to the Pacific to the Nürnberg trials. He comes home still carrying in his heart the words spoken to him by H. G. Wells: "If you Americans can't find some way of carrying the burden of Empire, we are sunk!"

But to Ro Lancaster the postwar U.S. is a broken Samson. Old New Dealing pals turn against him when he warns of the rising Communist menace. His best friend, ex-U.S. Defense Secretary Roger Thurloe (a fictional double of the late James Forrestal), exhausted and embittered by the spectacle of U.S. fumbling in the face of Communism, jumps to death from a hospital window. Ro's wife dies of cancer; their two sons mature into selfish little parasites. And Lancaster is left trying to recapture his lost youth with a paltry redhead.

In his own great days (*Manhattan Transfer*, U. S. A.) Author Dos Passos, whatever his prejudices, could be literarily convincing, but in this book little of that gift shows itself. As a writer who has come a long way, from left-wing radicalism to earnest anti-Communism, Dos Passos makes clear Ro Lancaster's political displacement but not his personal dis-



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integration. Sketches of Washington days that were both bracing and silly, a caricature of a monumentally pompous pundit, are apt yet perfunctory. Fortunately, time has not weakened Author Dos Passos' power to describe places and incidents. *The Great Days* has fine sketches of World War II and a sharply drawn portrait of the fallen Ro wandering the streets of Havana and mauling the days when "there were all the fish in the sea to catch, all the whisky in all the pubs to drink, all the grand guys in the world to be friends with." There is a certain poignancy, however vague, about Ro, a man out of step with his time and himself, reduced to dropping yesterday's names.

Dat Ole Davil Voodoo

THE CROSS OF BARON SAMEDI (502 pp.)—Richard Dohrman—Houghton Mifflin (\$4.50).

This is a promising first novel that breaks a lot of its promises. It promises a richly informative account of voodoo and the Haitian mind and temper, but much of it is just tom-tommyrot. It promises distinction of thought, but a jungle growth of involuted sentences often chokes meaning in mannerism. It promises a clash between the life of instinct and the life-in-death of inhibition, but the conflict is reduced to a kind of nagging suburbanality about a dissatisfied wife. Still, the tropical scenery is far more fascinating than most suburbs.

Hero Owen Jedd Wiley is a Vermont-born Marine lieutenant stationed in Haiti during the early '30s. He smokes little and drinks less; the tropics wear but do not beat him. On Stateside leave, he meets a Smith girl named Isabel Bogardus, and high-bred, high-strung Isabel shocks Owen by bedding down with him amidst the ancestral stones of an old cemetery. They return to Haiti man and wife.

Around the Teepee. That Owen has made a mistake is apparent to all but Owen. At the drop of a skillet, Isabel quotes romantic tag lines from Sir Walter Scott, interspersed with bloodcurdlingly cute dialogue of her own. Sample: "You good husband, I had wife. I keep ugh teepee." Around the ugh teepee gather subsidiary characters who have the power of total reverie, and pages may pass before a simple question gets a simple answer.

"Gone and gotten myself gravid," announces Isabel one day. For Owen the joy turns to horror as his wife becomes obsessed with the notion that her pregnancy has been forced upon her by the black magic of the land's fierce sensuality. She flees to a sorcerer and dyes in abortion. For a year, Owen's "chaste maple syrup soul" is frozen. Then he attends a frenzied voodoo initiation, slips into an illicit affair, takes to drink, and the tropics claim another victim.

The Artist as Undertaker. Novelist Dohrman follows his ostensible theme—that Nature makes men weak—at the expense of his real one, learned too late by Owen: "If we are weak, we are not strong, and what we age, you see, ruins every-



NOVELIST DOHRMAN
Tom-tommyrot in the tropics.

thing." In voodoo lore, Baron Samedi is the chief of the legion of the dead; he is represented by a wooden cross decked out, scarecrow fashion, in a black bowler hat, morning coat and goggles. In an ironic way, the baron is Author Dohrman's severest critic. How much closer can a writer get to the portrait of the artist as an undertaker?

What lends the book its interest, despite shortcomings, is a scattering of mixed-blood, split-level aristocrats, culturally *nouveau riche* but genealogically *ancien régime*, and some well-described scenes of a dismal garrison town with bored military wives and senior officers well past their World War I prime. Above all, there is the unusual setting. Despite the fact that Novelist Dohrman, 29, has spent only one week in Haiti, he manages to convey that the jungle to him is partly D. H. Lawrence's "blood-consciousness" and partly O'Neill's "dat ole davil sea."

J. Edgar's Accounting

MASTERS OF DECEIT (374 pp.)—J. Edgar Hoover—Holt (\$5).

J. Edgar Hoover, who is not and never has been a member of the Communist Party, undoubtedly knows more details about the subject than anyone except those who have been and are not. From the *Communist Manifesto* to the latest hindsight of a lapsed Marxist, the literature of Communism has largely been professional and confessional, written by insiders. The FBI chief's book belongs to a smaller but useful class of books by those who, concerned with the suppression of Communism, look at it from the outside. Hoover has written a primer—in a sense a how-to-do-them-down-yourself book. It does not claim the philosophic depth of Theodore Draper's *The Roots of American Communism* (TME, March 18, 1957), which argued that the party was to some extent a native heresy grafted onto the

root stock of American radicalism, but it is valuable as a sober piece of accountability by an official whose job, among others, is to help protect federal property—including the Constitution.

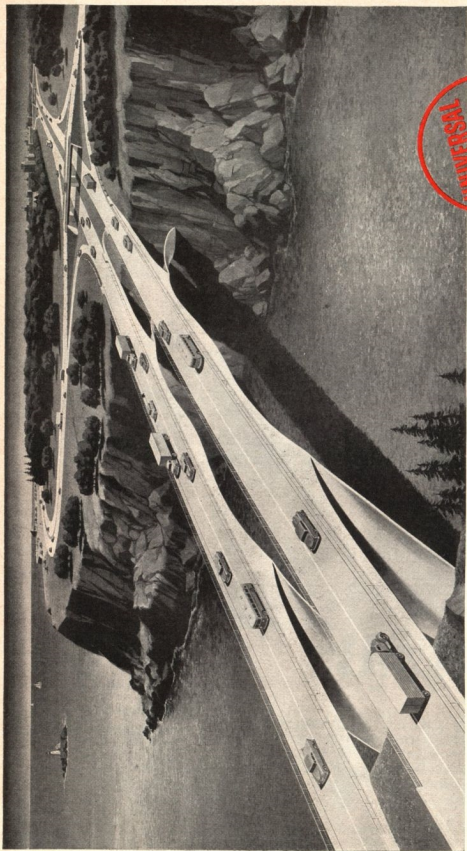
The U.S. Communist Party numbered only 22,600 members in 1955, but Hoover takes special care to point out: "When the Communist Party was at its peak in the U.S. [80,000 in 1944], it was stronger in numbers than the Soviet Party was at the time it seized power in Russia." Hoover has followed the course of American Communism with the wary devotion of a seething-eye dog. From the time (1919) when he was asked to write a special report on U.S. Communism for the Attorney General, he has not changed but enlarged his mind.

Bill & Phil. Hoover briskly traces the story of Communism from its utopian-socialist antecedents to the present, via the evil trinity of Marx, Engels and Lenin. Along the way, he makes clear that there is really no such thing as "democratic Marxism," and gives a systematic outline of Communist operations, including infiltration, espionage, front organizations, party discipline, party philosophy—the whole weird mixture of pedantry, conspiratorial byplay, childish incantations and deadly fanaticism.

Unfortunately, the accounts of Communists at work leave them strangely faceless and bearing mostly names like Bill and Phil. Hoover makes it plain that he is sensitive to charges of sensationalism that have been made against the FBI. Perhaps on this ground, he omitted all reference to the Hiss case, on which 263 agents of his bureau were engaged, although the chapter on "Espionage and Sabotage" would seem to call for it (Don Whitehead's *The FBI Story*, which Hoover underwrote, dealt with the case in some detail). Hoover's conclusion is a convincingly humble plea for Americans, particularly intellectuals, to restate the faith of their fathers. He does not mention the plain fact that a great many of these intellectuals have wanted the same thing the Communists themselves wanted—utopia—but failed to see the secret policeman who lurks behind all schemes to legislate the world into goodness.

Top Cop. The book is valuable not only for what it says about Communism but for what it says about J. Edgar Hoover, who, he points out himself, has been pictured by the Communists and others as running a kind of Gestapo. Few Americans love a cop (unless he is a badlands sheriff), but this book should make clear that the top federal cop is calm, intelligent, sane, and genuinely concerned that the duties of the FBI never be abused.

In his simple, straightforward way, Hoover perhaps gives more true answers to the "problem of Communism" than many of his more sophisticated critics. His contempt for the added notion that Communism is essentially a response to economic inequalities is soundly based. As he sees it, there are two faiths at war in the world, and his notion that only a true faith will defeat a false one may be so plain and old-fashioned as to be right.



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MISCELLANY

Hazards in Paradise. In Honolulu, beside a footpath in the grounds of Iolani Palace, a sign warns: "Slippery Walk When Flowers Fall."

Sweetness & Light Fingers. In Los Angeles, a little old lady bustled up to S. J. Jelalian, threw her arms around him, cried: "You're the image of my long-lost son!", apologized for losing control, hurried away with Jelalian's billfold.

Fraternité. In Annonay, France, after Postman Louis Gagnaire died, a suitcase full of undelivered tax notices was found in his room.

Bad Brakes. In Minnesota, eager Salesman Kenton Hicks, hearing of a deal he could close 126 miles away in Brainerd, rented a car, left Minneapolis at floorboard speed, was arrested in Robbinsdale, then St. Cloud, then Little Falls (each time for doing 100 m.p.h.), did not get to Brainerd.

9-Gauge. In St. John, Kans., Cindy Hobson, 9, asked to name the year's four seasons on a test paper, wrote: "Duck, deer, quail and pheasant."

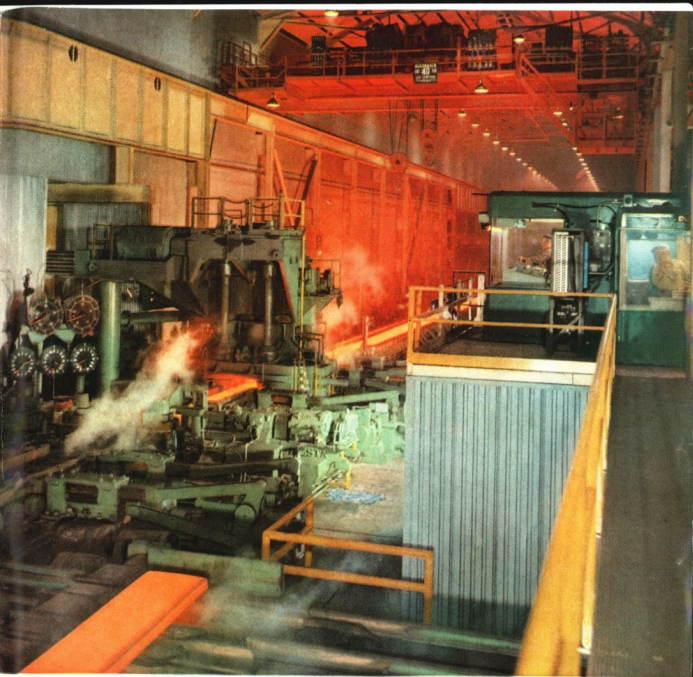
Age After Duty. In Rochester, Wardwill and Herbert Benzing, 74 and 76, gathered to celebrate brother Joseph's 90th birthday, postponed the party until evening because brother Albert, 86, could not take the day off from work.

Donnybrook Estates. In Alexandria, La., six house wreckers showed up at the home of Paul Davis, removed half the roof, most of the upper story and the front porch before Davis arrived and told them that they were tearing down the wrong house.

Gun for Hire. In Glen Burnie, Md., Loren Staples, 4, watched film funnies on TV for a while, then hurried off to a bedroom, climbed a chair, got daddy's pistol and, returning to the TV show, pumped a .38-caliber slug into the set.

Ceiling Limited. In Arlington, Va., a first-grader entering the Washington Post's "Favorite Teacher" essay contest was full of praise for his Miss Davis, added with an eye on next year: "I wish she was smart enough to teach second grade, too."

Dramaliturgy. In Baltimore, the Rev. George F. Packard, illustrating a sermon, produced a rubber-band-propelled model rocket (decorated with orange fins and the word "Soul"), created an illusion of blast-off by dropping Dry Ice in water at the moment of launching, sent the missile to the ceiling of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, cried: "Confirmation launches us into the flight of life, and the fuel is Holy Communion."



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